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FEBRUARY 8, 1980

achi Martin on:
UNG A CATHOLIC?
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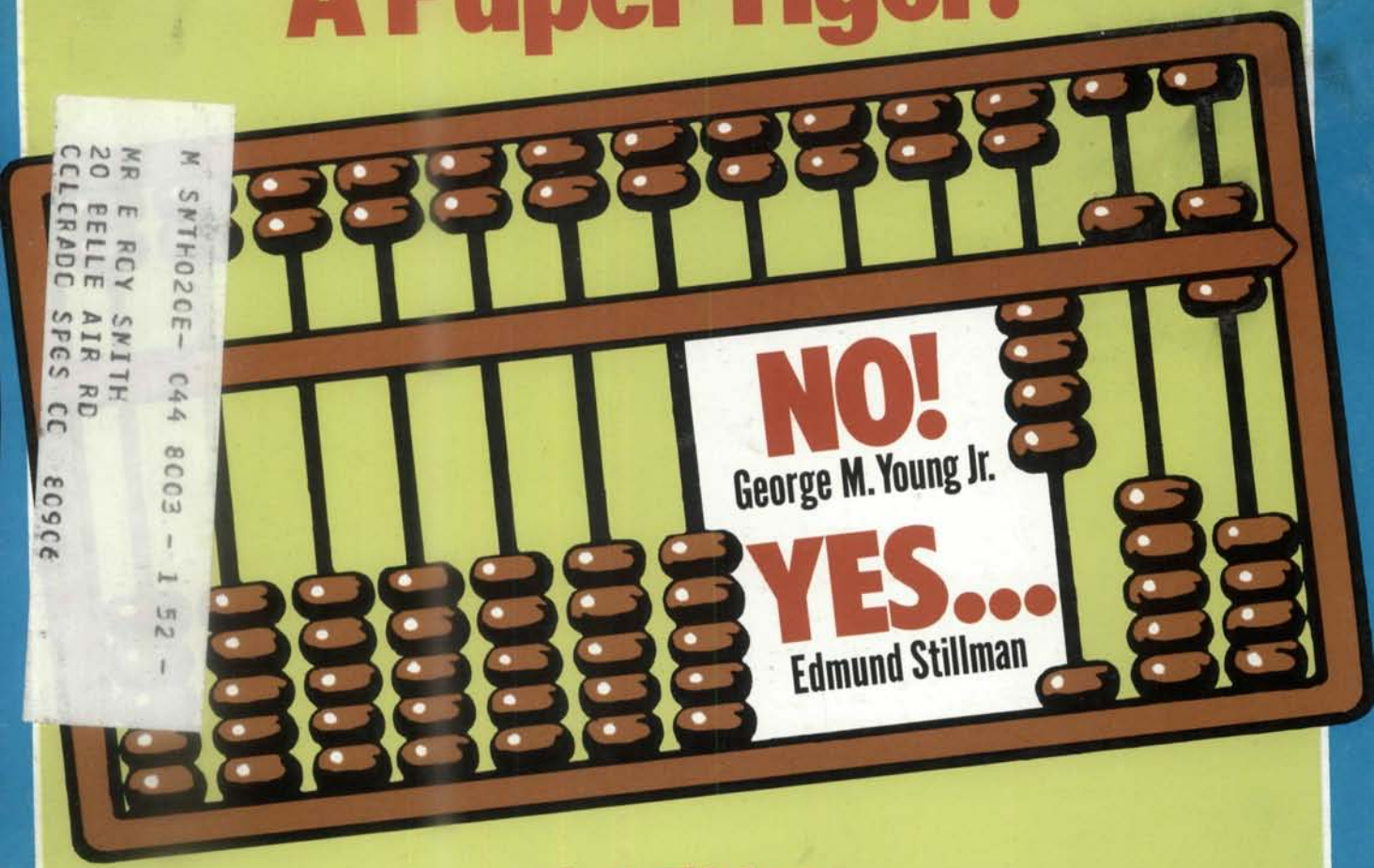
NATIONAL REVIEW

Is Soviet Technology A Paper Tiger?



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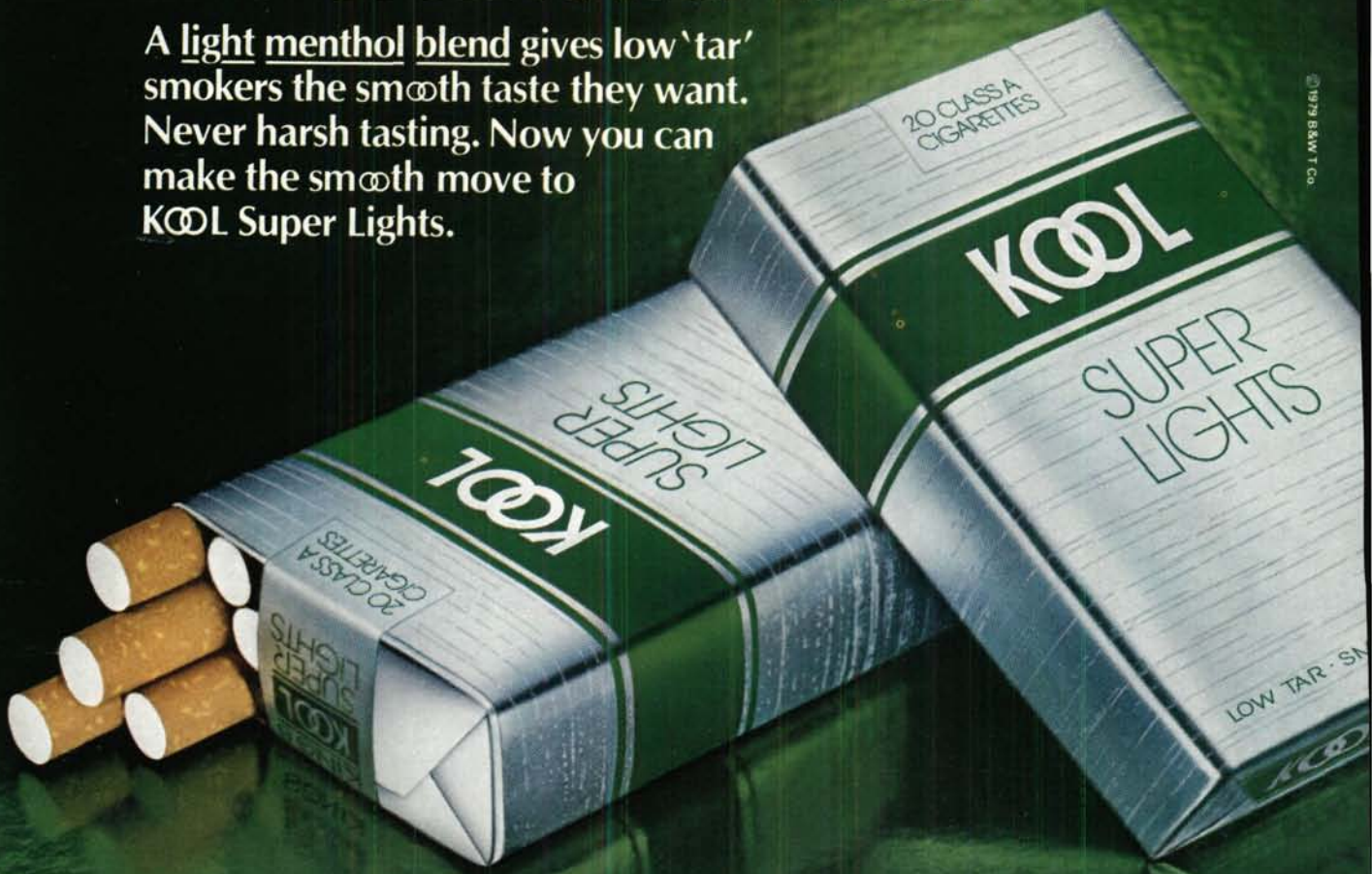

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

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Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $21.00 (26 issues) a year. Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

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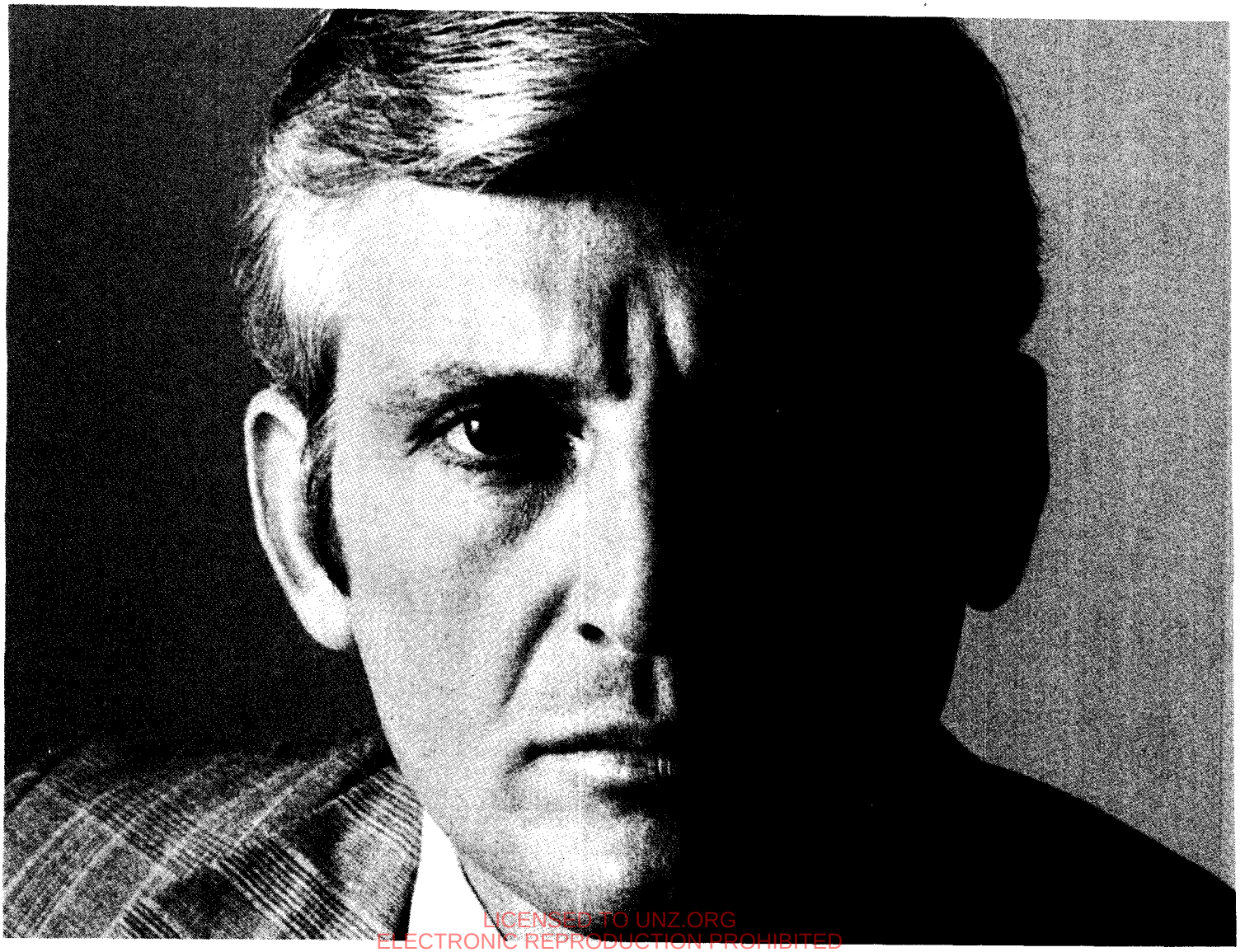

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V TO LISTEN THAN TWO EARS.

of trouble. For example:

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Letters

The Latest Refugees

Rosanne Klass's article ["Mr. Brezhnev's Doctrine," Jan. 25] dealt, quite properly, with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the stubborn Afghan resistance to it. There was no room in her story for a mention of the half-million Afghan refugees, old and young, who have crossed over into Pakistan in the last year and are destitute, their plight overshadowed by the equally desperate plight of the Cambodians and the Vietnamese boat people. Your readers might be interested to know that the organization that has proven most effective in helping these latest refugees from Communism is the Afghanistan Relief Committe, Inc. (517 E. 27th St., NYC 10028).

Patricia Kroll
New York, N.Y.

Fightin' Words

Wait a minute! Hold it right there; let's go over that again. In Mr. Charles Kesler's "The Movement of Student Opinion" [Nov. 23] he states: "Given the choice of war or surrender in a confrontation with the Soviet Union, 56 per cent [of the students polled] would have the United States fight." Does that mean that 44 per cent would have us surrender? This statistic, in itself, sours Mr. Kesler's "mostly good tidings." Indeed, it is terrifying! Would 44 per cent of the students of, say, Brandeis *really* surrender to the Soviets without a fight? Don't the Howard students realize how difficult it would be to convince the Russian government of the righteousness of affirmative action, or do they consider the policy unnecessary in a country where everyone (excuse the oxymoron) is discriminated against?

The problem must be one of definition. At least 44 per cent of the students polled do not understand the meaning of surrender. If the question were more felicitously phrased, surely the response would be different. "Given the choice of weekend study nights without pizza (since pizza dough is made from grain, of which there would always be a shortage) or fighting the Soviets . . ." would definitely elicit a very hawk-like response. "Given the choice of sacrificing your Donna Summer/Bee Gees record collection as a gesture against bourgeois materialism or battling the Russians . . ." would certainly boil the warring blood of many a stone-deaf undergrad. "Given the choice of forgoing your daily reading of the iconoclastic *Doonesbury* or punching it out with the Russkies" would reveal the pugnacious nature of 90 per cent of the pupils. There is even an indication later in Mr. Kesler's report that "Given the choice of being forbidden to attend the church of your choice or going to war with the Soviets" would result in a percentage more to our enemy's detriment.

One would hope that the pacific, nay, the cowardly implications of this particular statistic is false; that it is a statistic born of ignorance and a failure to realize what is meant by the word surrender.

One would hope.

Samuel R. Lewis
Killeen, Tex.

Darkest before Dawn

I have often speculated about the identities of the authors of *NR*'s "The Week" commentaries; I still don't know who wrote "Kennedy—The Twilight Struggle" [Dec. 21], but I feel certain that I can eliminate WFB from even having *seen* it. The only leading political essayist who has also written a monograph on celestial navigation would surely have pointed out that twilight occurs before sunrise, as well as after sunset.

Douglas Welty
Charlottesville, Va.

Divine Polls

Yes, Miss Aspinwall ["Letters," Dec. 21], I can pontificate with the best of 'em. So here goes. I really have one thing to say. Traditions, words, Masses, or prayer books do not save us. The Lord Jesus Christ does that. I am sure that He does not care which rite we use, or which book. Traditions are fine, but they don't replace Holy Baptism. I wish Miss Aspinwall would have at least mentioned our Lord; it would have been nice.

I re-emphasize: Our Lord spoke to the multitudes in the language His hearers could understand. He did not use a four-hundred-year-old dialect. You cannot hear the Word, unless you understand. This hearing forms the basis of the Holy Catholic Church. The Holy Mass is mysterious enough; why not understand it, at least? It is possible for the mystery and modern language to co-exist. I couldn't care less what Dr. Gallup says, salvation is not going to be through a vote.

The old pontificator has spoken.

Douglas Conder
Globe, Ariz.

Told You So

Mr. Ernest van den Haag's article entitled "Birds, Bees, and Bathroom Tours" [Dec. 7] is an excellent example of "conservative" thought.

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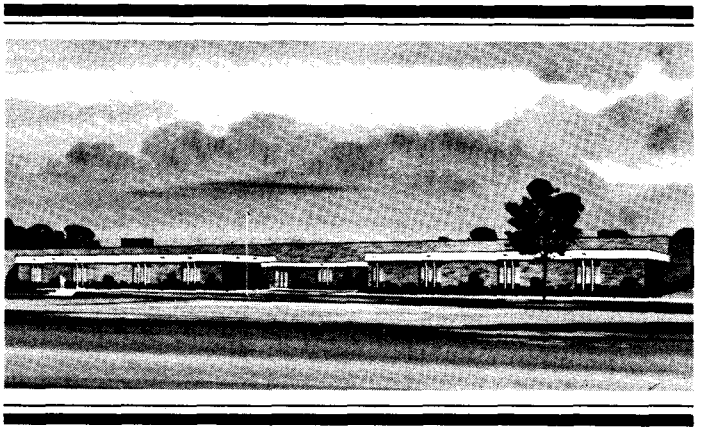

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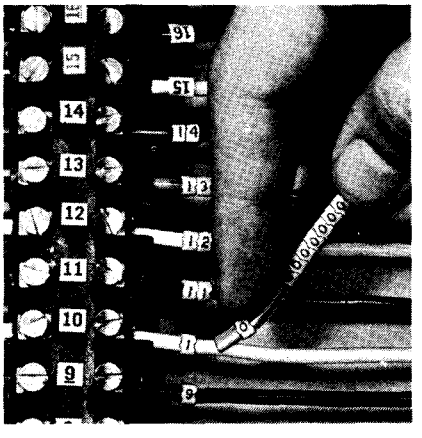

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Mr. van den Haag makes his most rational statement in his last paragraph when he states: "Perhaps we do have the government we deserve." It is not what *libertarians* deserve, but it certainly is what conservatives have asked for. As long as conservatives and liberals demand the right to indoctrinate our children in public schools, one side or the other will always object to the type of indoctrination that is being practiced.

The complete elimination of public or state schools is the only solution. As long as conservatives like Mr. van den Haag refuse to accept this fact, the liberals will continue indoctrinating our children with their philosophies of sex education, welfare, taxation, government functions, etc. As conservatives, you have no moral defense. You *did* ask for it!

Donald P. von Essen
Chairman
Greater Spokane Libertarian Party
Nine Mile Falls, Wash.

1. Many conservatives, including myself, advocate a voucher system that would allow parents to choose among private and public schools.
2. Some libertarians share an unfortunate habit of mind with Marxists, the notion that until there is a total revolution, nothing can be done. I don't favor waiting for the revolution, which in any case would in all probability merely exchange our current forms of lunacy for new ones.
Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

Why the U.S. Isn't Worried

Miles Copeland, in "Why the Soviets Aren't Worried" [Jan. 4], marshals convincing evidence to support his charge that some elements of America's own citizenry are influencing the shape of our national policies to Russia's advantage, and that they have been able to do so without any help from the KGB. Clearly identifiable as being among these elements would be the peace-at-any-price disarmers, as well as the large segment of liberal intelligentsia and ideologists who perceive a benign Marxism as better advancing the people's welfare than greedy capitalism can. But when he goes on to attribute a leading role in weakening the United States to specified "single-issue" groups, he ventures onto shaky ground.

For one thing, it is a dubious assumption that there is any significant number of truly single-issue people; rather, it is a matter of priorities. For example, among the anti-abortionists, whom he cites, most are also ardently opposed to irreligious Communism and therefore support improving U.S. defenses vis-à-vis Russia's. A look at the records of pro-life legislators in Congress will bear out this contention. For another, how can it rationally

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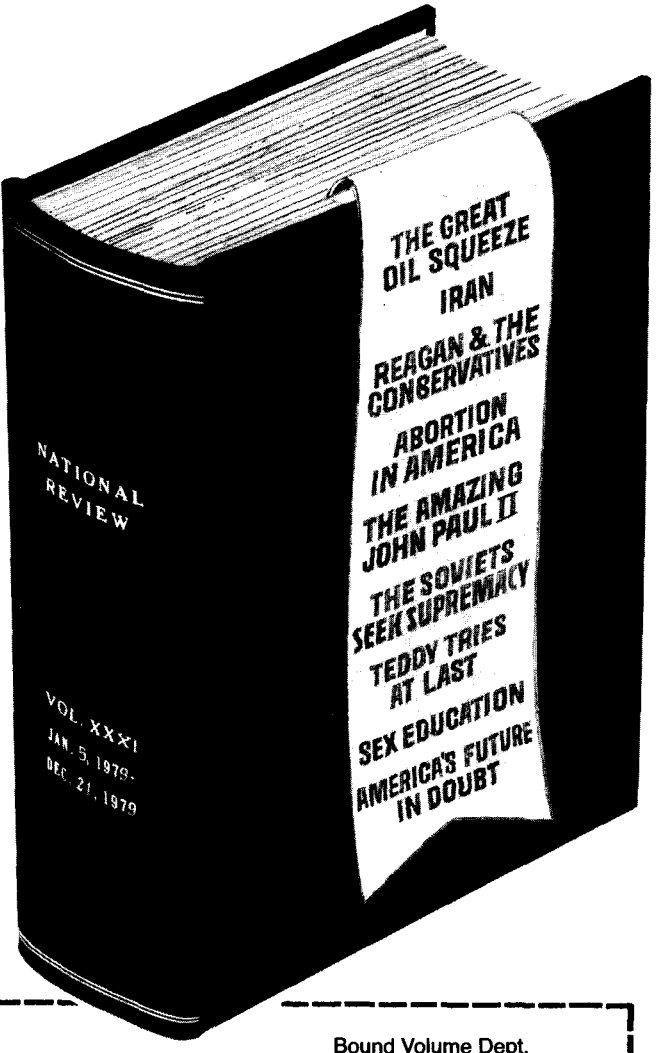

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be said that our country would be weakened by ending the current mad practice of slaughtering a million of its young each year through abortion?

W. J. Hillmert
Chicago, Ill.

Do note, however, that Mr. Copeland was not discussing the relative merits of the "single issues" he mentioned: he was discussing the effect, from the Soviet point of view, *of a polarizing debate on any issue. Note also that he put the abortion question (whose major effect, geopolitically speaking, is to divert our energy away from consideration of the Soviet threat) in a different category from the Greek-Turkish debate (which has actually had a detrimental effect on our foreign policy).*

—LB

Miles Copeland's "Why the Soviets Aren't Worried" is one of the best articles to appear in *NR* yet. He expresses the feelings of all thinking people (a species, admittedly, nearing extinction) when he points to the craven euphemisms which are currently prevalent in the rhetoric of our liberal politicians and in the written and spoken language of the media as among the best tools of Communist infiltration. The trouble is that the philosophy of semantic cowardice prevails in most of our schools, from elementary to graduate school, and it creates and fosters the climate in which intellectual and moral cowardice prosper and bear fruit. One blatant example of such semantic cowardice, which Mr. Copeland has not quoted (most likely in order not to belabor the obvious), is defining the terrorists and thugs who are holding our Embassy people hostage in Teheran as "militants."

Lou Rose
Lusby, Md.

Second Best

In "For the Record" in the December 7 issue, you summarized very well the results of the First Choice ballot at Florida's Presidential Preferential Convention held in Orlando in November, i.e., Reagan, Connally, Bush, and Crane, in that order. However, you, like so much of the press, mentioned not a word about the results of the Second Choice ballot which every delegate also voted on. As second choice, Phil Crane came in first by a wide margin, followed by Bush, Connally, and Reagan.

To conclude that Connally came in second is misleading. Crane was the second choice of more delegates than any of the rest. Of course, in the real world nobody gets two votes. But it is interesting t note that Crane received the greatest tota first plus second choices, in the field.

I was camp follower to my wife, wh was the delegate. We have been Reaga supporters for a long time, but she almo changed her first choice to Crane becaus of Reagan's age, his apparent shift fror the right, and Crane's forcefulness and th clarity of his discussion of the issues. W both feel he is the man to watch. (By th way, we'll miss the *Bulletin*.)

W. B. Hove
Coral Gables, Fla

News Sources

I was delighted to note that you ran Joh McClaughry's article "The IRS Want You" as the cover story in the Decembe 21 NATIONAL REVIEW. I would be similarl delighted if you would advise your read ers that the piece was written on a gran by the Fund for Objective News Report ing, a tax-exempt journalism foundatio based in Washington, D.C. Many thanks

James C. Robert
Washington, D.C.

Sincerest Form of Flattery

Concerning John Greenway's article or plagiarism ["The Honest Man's Guide tc Plagiarism," Dec. 21], he should be reminded that to borrow from one source is plagiarism but to borrow from a hundred is considered scholarship.

Ben Franklin tells us in his autobiography of the minister in the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, who had preached excellent sermons, or at least ones that were in accord with Franklin's taste. However, he was detected in literally stealing other men's sermons without any acknowledgment of the act, and had to surrender his pulpit. Franklin expressed his dismay and said that he preferred good borrowed sermons to poor original ones.

Frankly, don't we all stand on other men's shoulders, and don't we daily use their thoughts and work, oftentimes being ignorant of the sources? Anyway, best wishes. (Who said *that* first?)

Culver Gordon
Ocean Grove, N.J.

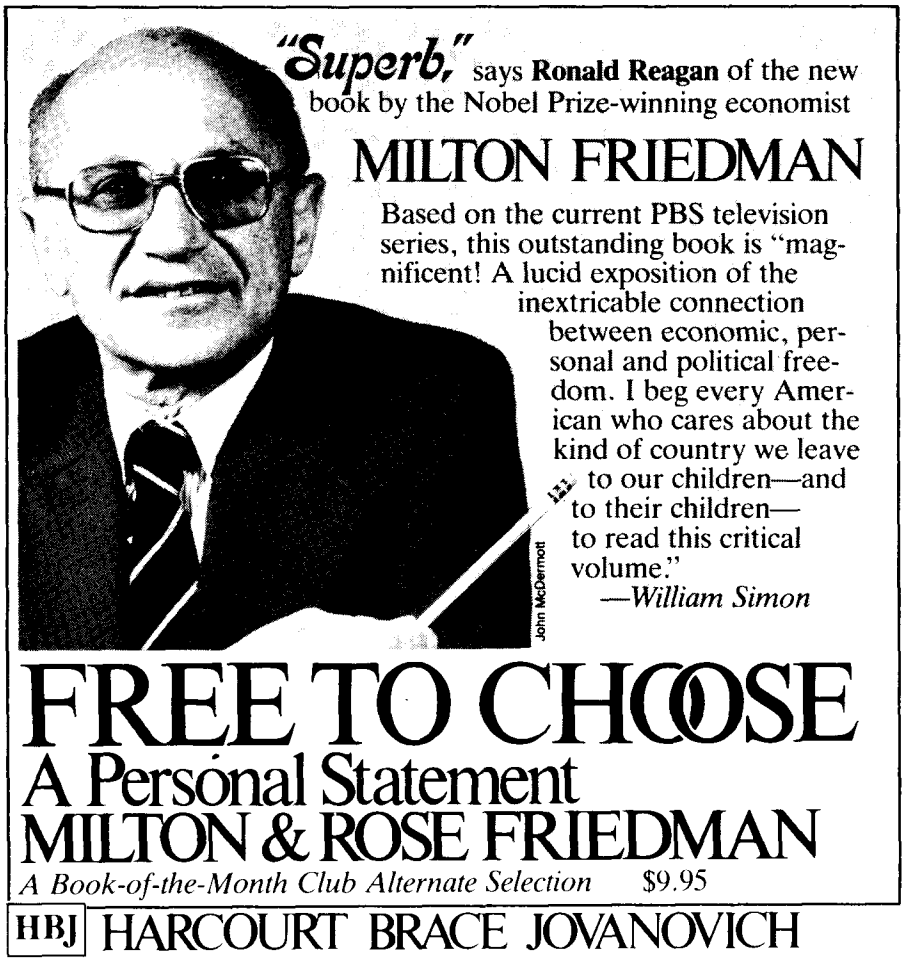
Considering the nature of John Greenway's article, I hope you do not mind that I made a Xerox copy of it for future reference.

Ronald D. French
South Houston, Tex.

Borderline Fracture

In an editorial [Nov. 23] you referred to Senator Howard Baker as a "Border State hawk." While the Border States are welcome to Mr. Baker, they are not entitled to the State of Tennessee.

Robert W. Whitaker
Falls Church, Va.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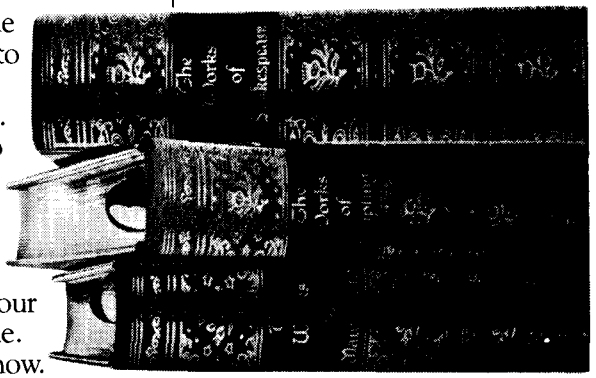

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FOR THE RECORD

■ A *Boston Globe* poll two days after Iowa shows **Jimmy Carter** leading **Edward Kennedy** in New Hampshire for the first time: Carter 35 per cent, Kennedy 31, **Jerry Brown** 11, and (a dangerous) 23 undecided. . . . Carter's strategy now calls for him to enter the **Vermont** primary Mar. 4, which he had intended to skip. Reason: he's rated even with Kennedy there now. **Robert Strauss** figures Carter victories in **New Hampshire** and Vermont would counter Teddy's win in **Massachusetts** on Mar. 4. . . . Kennedy forces, by the way, made a quarter of a million phone calls in Iowa before the caucuses. . . . The regular *Congressional Quarterly* rundown of Senate votes in 1979 shows that Kennedy voted against Carter only 7 per cent of the time, but it also shows that Kennedy missed one out of every four votes, for what *Quarterly* calls "one of the poorest attendance records ever." (Carter's most dependable supporter among Republicans was Sen. **Jacob Javits**, who voted with the President 82 per cent of the time.) . . . *Human Events* dug this one up. Kennedy said he opposed the grain boycott of the USSR because "food should never be used" as a foreign-policy weapon. But back in 1973 Kennedy opposed a $24-million credit for wheat purchases by post-**Allende** Chile. . . . *Miami Herald* reports Jerry Brown isn't getting much moola from big biz these days, but "chiropractors, acupuncturists, and organized vegetable growers favor him." Four people associated with **Down to Earth, Inc.** have contributed the maximum $1,000 to Brown's campaign.

■ Former **Nixon** counsel **Harry S. Dent**, a bigwig in South Carolina Republican affairs, comments on the **John Sears/Ronald Reagan** strategy in Iowa: "They played a Rose Garden strategy when they didn't own one." Dent is uncommitted in the pivotal S.C. primary Mar. 8, but his former boss **Strom Thurmond** and popular former GOP Gov. **James Edwards** have come out for Connally. . . . Connally had hoped to knock out Reagan in S.C., or at least hit him hard enough to douse enthusiasm for him in **Alabama**, **Florida**, and **Georgia**, whose primaries are three days later. But Connally's strategy is now complicated with last-minute entry of **Howard Baker** and **George Bush** into S.C. race. . . . Baker, set back in Iowa, plans to spend 23 days between then and Feb. 26 in New Hampshire. According to *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, if Baker hasn't come in first or second in a primary before Illinois (Mar. 18) he'll "reassess" his position. . . . Who's the most liberal of them all? No contest. It's Rep. **John Anderson** of Illinois, who last week got a) a $1,000 check from GM heir and supporter of all leftist causes **Stewart Mott**, b) contributions from **Gore Vidal**, **Norman Lear**, and **Irving Wallace**, c) a swanky Hollywood showbiz reception, and d) the accolade—by the *Washington Post*'s **Sally Quinn**—of Dark Horse Chic.

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"She was worth her weight in gold until last week."

■ **Afghanistan**: some reactions. In the UN General Assembly vote calling for Russia to get out, the Soviet Union's real client states all over the world toed the line. In Africa and the Persian Gulf, **Angola**, **Mozambique**, **Ethiopia**, and **South Yemen** went along with Russia; in the Caribbean, **Cuba** and **Grenada** (**Jamaica** voted with the U.S., **Nicaragua** abstained). . . . In Europe, Italian CP leader **Berlinguer** criticized the Soviet invasion, but in muted tones; Spanish CP leader **Carrillo** managed to duck the subject; French CP leader **Georges Marchais** went to Moscow and returned to blast U.S. imperialism and to declare the French CP's "solidarity with the Afghan people's struggle for national liberation and the Soviet Union's help to the Afghan people and their government." So much for Eurocommunism. . . . The boot-licking **CPUSA** bannered the story thus on the front page of the *Daily World*: BREZHNEV TO U.S.: DON'T AXE DETENTE.

■ Kudos: To U.S. Ambassador to the UN **Donald McHenry** for giving a reception to present the 1979 Human Rights Award to Soviet dissident **Yuri Orlov**. . . . To **Joan Baez**, **Leo Cherne**, **Liv Ullmann**, **Aleksandr Ginzburg**, and **Bayard Rustin**, for leading a "March for Survival"—a trip to Thailand to help Cambodian refugees. . . . To Geneva-based **Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration**, for helping feed, clothe, house, and resettle 248,000 refugees in 1979.

■ If you place a call to the **U.S. Embassy** in Teheran and by some miracle get through, the phone will be answered: "Den of Espionage."

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UN MOMENT DE MARTELL

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DINNER IS OVER, BUT THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG.

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THE WEEK

■ In whipping Senator Kennedy's ass, President Carter has finally managed to keep a campaign promise.

■ California almost had a referendum on the ballot calling for a constitutional amendment to establish an educational voucher system, but the two law professors who championed the idea have had to abandon it, albeit temporarily. ". . . The idea would be calamitous for slow learners and troublemakers, precisely those students the new schools would shrink from admitting," intoned the *New York Times*. Now, in the first place, one of the reasons there are so many troubled students is that the public schools are so calamitous. In the second place, there is reason to suppose that the parents of troubled youngsters, liberated from the tax burden of supporting two schools, would seek out special schools especially suited to the needs of slow learners or troublemakers. In the third place, local public schools (to which most parents will continue to be attracted) would profit from the healthy competition.

■ *Time* quotes Senator Henry Jackson as quoting Harry Truman on a earlier Iranian crisis. When in 1946 the Soviets refused to pull out of Iran as they had earlier agreed to do, Truman called in Ambassador Andrei Gromyko to give them 48 hours to do so, or "We're going to drop it on you"; *it* being the atomic bomb. But history plays cruel tricks: Truman had scotched the snake, not killed it. That is a mistake the Soviets won't make should their turn come.

■ The Media Institute, of Washington, D.C., has released "Television Evening News Covers Nuclear Energy: A Ten-Year Perspective," a study of network stories related to nuclear power, beginning 12 years ago and ending 24 days after the Three Mile Island (TMI) accident. The Institute found bias in the networks' coverage of TMI—slanted lead-ins, critical closing sentences—but it also faulted network coverage before the accident. From August 1968 until March 27, 1979 (the day before TMI), the networks devoted 472 minutes of weeknight news time to nuclear power —0.26 per cent of the total. Most of that minuscule chunk was consumed by the charges and countercharges of pro- and anti-nuclear groups (mostly anti); less than a quarter of the stories offered analysis of the risks and benefits involved. Seven of the ten most commonly cited "outside sources" during the period were anti-nuclear; the two most popular sources were the Union of Concerned Scientists, and Ralph Nader. "Had there been more complete coverage of nuclear energy issues before March 28, 1979," the Institute concluded, "the public would have been in a much better position to discern the significance of, and potential danger from, the Three Mile Island accident."

■ The saccharine people are punching big holes in the carcinogen studies of the National Cancer Institute. It seems that some of the NCI's conclusions were based on as few as seven individuals out of a study group of seven thousand, that many of the scariest statistics emerged from figures for heavy cigarette smokers (where saccharine cannot be shown to be the operative carcinogen), and that some of the NCI's statistics tend to suggest that small daily doses of saccharine actually *decrease* the incidence of bladder cancer. *Skol*, Fat Man.

■ After amputation of an afflicted leg, the end can scarcely be far off for ailing 87-year-old Josip Broz, known to the world as Marshal Tito—last survivor among World War II's lions. His ruthlessness, caginess, and stolid resolution are legendary. These traits served to fasten a home-grown version of Communist dictatorship on his country but also to avert subjugation by the Kremlin. The charisma accruing to him as triple victor in internal competition for control of Yugoslavia, riddance of Nazi occupation, and defiance of Soviet domination has offset fissiparous tendencies in the body politic under his sway. Yet the reverse side of that strength is a weakness: the lack of a personal (or a convincing institutional) successor to neutralize centrifugal forces in a notably unstable ag-

Drew Middleton, Reporter

Dispassionately in the *New York Times*,
He analyzes military trends.
He catalogues why Russian power climbs
And why ours seems to suffer from the bends.
In doing so, he frequently offends
The liberals, who labor so for "peace";
They hate to read of military ends
When coexistence brings such sweet release.
With bombers scary as a flock of geese
And all our naval power in a bind,
Drew Middleton concludes that we're obese,
Out-dated, badly managed, and behind.
Though Jimmy sounds like Saul, who saw the light,
I'm still afraid his bark exceeds his bite.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It's the second most important election in our town this year –the one that will pick the next editor of the *Washington Post*. The job has been held (and shaped) these many years by Benjamin C. Bradlee, a fiercely aggressive newsman who has built the *Post* from an erratic, somewhat provincial, often axe-grinding daily into a journal of national and even worldwide influence. Bradlee, described uncannily in *All the President's Men* as resembling "an international jewel thief," set a tone, and an example, that other *Post* editors have now adopted as the corporate style: uncompromisingly competitive (always with the *New York Times*, more recently with the *Washington Star* as well), personally stylish, territorially imperious. Bradlee once dropped a phrase, picked up by sideline observers, that has lent rhetorical heft to his management style. Creative tension, he called it, when asked to describe the process by which *Post* reporters are thrown into combat not only with other papers but with their own colleagues. The reporters themselves sometimes refer to work at the *Post* as a body-contact sport. Whatever the phrase, it's journalistic Darwinism and it is difficult to argue with the results. Over the past decade, the *Post* has improved more rapidly than any other paper in the country. (Most students of the subject would award that particular accolade to the *Los Angeles Times*. Perhaps we see the *Times* only on its off-days, but we feel safe giving the *Post* first billing.)

Bradlee's departure from the job he made so conspicuous has not been officially announced. So large have been his personal contributions that he will no doubt be permitted to supply his own choreography. But the heirs are making themselves increasingly apparent and it seems only a matter of months before the young *Post* publisher, Donald Graham, selects a man of his own generation as the new editor. Predicting events at the *Post* can be a hazardous enterprise, as several former employees can attest. But as we gaze at the puffs of smoke issuing from the *Post* building at the corner of 15th and L, we see the name . . . Bob Woodward.

■ Another note from the journalistic front. While peace is not at hand and they have not quite turned the corner, there may be light at the end of the tunnel for sharp-eyed *Washington Star* brass. In figures just released for the November billing period, the *Star* has picked up 30.5 per cent of the advertising linage in the D.C. newspaper market. That may not sound like much—as a matter of fact, it isn't much—but it is the first time in more than two years that the *Star* has cracked the 30 per cent barrier. Especially encouraging for *Star* executives were the figures showing both retail and national advertising linage up for the full year. Prior to its acquisition by Time, Inc., the *Star* showed an unbroken pattern of slipping market share.

Before you rush out and buy some Time, Inc. stock, however, please note that *Star* ad rates are considerably lower than *Post* rates, with the result that the split of advertising dollars is even more one-sided than the split of advertising space. The *Post* remains in a position of unambiguous market dominance. What is noteworthy is that for the first time in years, the *Star* seems to be headed in the right direction. And that's good.

■ Jerry Brown grabbed another line in the *Guinness Book of World Records* in November when he became the first presidential candidate openly to solicit votes from homosexuals. (His speech here at a gay disco was covered just the way you would have predicted. Verrry carefully.) After waiting to gauge the reaction of the Sad Majority, Ted Kennedy has now decided to do battle with Brown for the gay vote. Defying our own calculation, which was that the exuberantly heterosexual Kennedy would fare no better with gays than he has with hard-core feminists, Teddy has made surprising gains in the last few weeks. Some of those gains were reflected in a formal endorsement by the big Gertrude Stein Democratic Club, a power player in local and regional politics.

We wonder where Jerry will head next.

■ Heard from a Turkish diplomatic source: "The trouble with being allied with the Americans is that you never know when they're going to turn around and stab themselves in the back."

■ Ronald Reagan, who fired the imagnation of the national press with his call for Puerto Rican statehood, is now tiptoeing around the subject. Since he pulled out of the Puerto Rican primary, and drained it of news value, the boys on the bus have become just a bit tetchy about the whole subject. The idea of a February trip to Puerto Rico had been wearing well. —CATO

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gregation of diversities. Deep trouble for Yugoslavia probably lies ahead. A Soviet threat –for the defiance of the Cominform in 1948 is unforgiven—is presumably inevitable in the sequel to Tito. A Soviet military move is not the prime danger, however. Yugoslavia has ample ethnic differences for the Kremlin to aggravate into cleavages and then into a break-up—while standing by to put things together again to suit its own destiny when opportune.

■ India is rapidly evolving into the best argument there is against universal suffrage. Indira Gandhi (sigh) has been returned to power with a landslide victory in parliament. Apart from man's fallen nature, the best explanation of Mrs. Gandhi's success seems to be the disarray of her opposition. As soon as the Janata Party people succeeded in dethroning Mrs. Gandhi in 1977, they set about skewering one another. Charan Singh, for example (the acting Prime Minister since August), got there by courting Mrs. Gandhi's support. When she abandoned him (in favor of herself), he issued a ringing cry for unity. Too late. Other Janata leaders, nursing hurt feelings over the defection, refused to cooperate. Enter Indira with the old demagogic appeals to *Garibi Hatao* (abolition of poverty, or, in other words, the Stupendous

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Society) and *Indiramaac* (Mother Indira). The Janata Party, which had been a party in name only, is now scarcely that, having failed to achieve even the 10 per cent vote necessary to qualify as the recognized "opposition." And guess who's back in the race in Canada . . .

■ Witch-hunting away, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the FBI have uncovered a Soviet spy operation in the Ottawa area. Three Soviet agents have been booted out of the country. An as yet unnamed American, occupying a sensitive position, is reported to be involved. Witch-hunters in Germany have discovered (see "On the Right," page 176, and "The Protracted Conflict," page 148) that years ago the KGB masterminded a successful plot to discredit Christian Democratic hard-liner Franz Josef Strauss; and in England witch-hunters, having found the "fourth man," are now looking for the fifth and the sixth.

■ Seems Moscow is exporting its bad weather to Havana. Castro Bros Ltd., the family that owns and operates Cuba, has complained of sugar-cane rot and "blue mold" and other tribulations once called, by the superstitious, "acts of God." And also indifference amongst the workers. And corruption amongst the supervisors. Shoddy workmanship. Hoked-up production records. Lack of discipline. Absenteeism. Foot-dragging. Cronyism. Sticky fingers. Czar Fidel has abolished or merged 11 ministries or committees and has taken control of the ministries of the armed forces, the interior (police, prisons), public health, and culture. Next thing you know, they'll have to cut the dividend. Family businesses are notoriously ill-managed.

■ Senator Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) has proposed legislation that cigarettes and cigars must extinguish themselves within five minutes if not puffed. Just how this could be done is not clear. Spraying the tobacco with some sort of noxious chemical is more likely to extinguish the smoker than the smoke. Perhaps the best method would be equipping the cigarette with a small quartz timer, preferably with a digital readout, attached to a puff-sensing device, which, in the event that there is no puff within the space of five minutes, would cause a teeny-weeny hand to come out with a teeny-weeny bucket of water and *douse* the damn thing.

■ Three members of the Communist Workers Party have been arrested in Newark for pitching eggs at Senator Kennedy. The Senator was not hit, but several Secret Service agents were splattered. Such punishment may seem severe, but frankly, we think people *ought* to be arrested for missing politicians with eggs.

■ At least that part of the budget devoted to the new multi-billion-dollar Department of Perpetual Energy Crisis (D'OPEC) is well spent. The Department has just issued its long-unwanted study of the U.S. energy situation, which is eight hundred pages long and two years late, cost $4.1 million, and says absolutely nothing of interest, e.g., that we're going to have to conserve energy, use less oil, and rely more on coal and nuclear energy, which may come as a profound revelation in government circles but nowhere else.

■ Richard Nixon has studied the returns from Iowa and is reported to be reassessing his options.

Reagan Stumbles

None of Reagan's opponents can *win* the nomination, John Sears has been fond of saying; Reagan would have to *lose* it. Iowa represents Reagan's first loss. It is a loss precisely because of Reagan's organic pre-eminence as the senior, and most eloquent, critic of everything there is to criticize in U.S. policies over the years.

Reagan's campaign strategy so far has rested on a trio of assumptions: that Reagan is the most popular candidate among the Republican rank and file; that, after four years of fence-mending and campaigning for fellow Republicans, Reagan disposes of a trunkful of political IOUs; and that Reagan must keep one eye cocked at all times on the general election. The assumptions are unassailable; the conclusions Reagan and his advisors drew from them, however, are not.

Reagan has taken his popularity and his political prowess as a license to scant concentrated stump-speaking and flesh-pressing. He has crisscrossed the country, speaking to large but scattered audiences, leaving the oil-and-grease work to organizers. The strategy successfully kept local politicians in line at state conventions in California and Florida. In Iowa, where average voters had to be wooed, it flopped. Reagan spent 41 hours in the state; George Bush practically lived there.

Reagan could not offset his personal invisibility with the appeal of burning issues because he hasn't burningly raised any. With fifty Americans held prisoner in the Teheran Embassy, Reagan, in his campaign kick-off, spoke of Puerto Rican statehood and a "North American accord." With Afghanistan squirming under the treads of Soviet tanks, he joined the dismal Republican chorus against a grain embargo.

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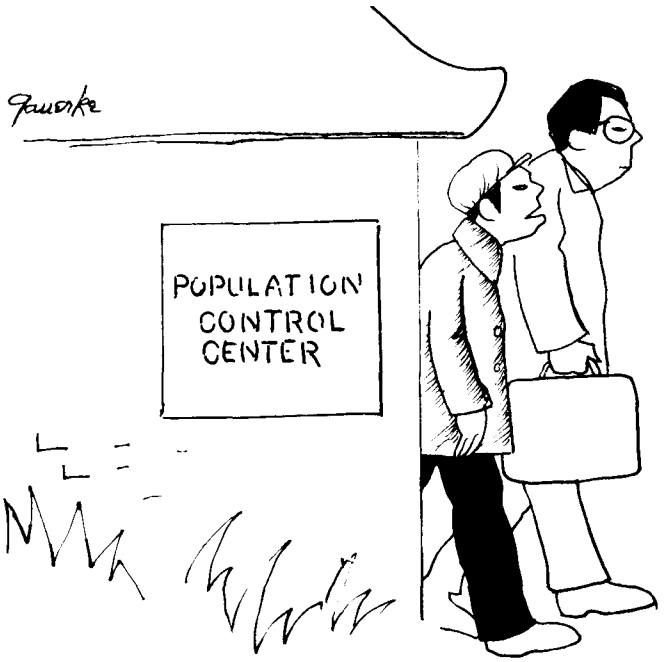

"Wouldn't it be easier to solve our population problem by letting all those who want to leave China go?"

Timing, nuance have been subtly off. Reagan will have to reconsider his texts and his itinerary.

George Bush's task is different—not to revise an old strategy, but to improvise a new one. A year's hard work has yielded him a handsome victory in a small state, and he has also been cramming busily for the New Hampshire primary a month from now. But the next 34 primaries won't come at such a leisurely tempo. Bush will face a variety of electorates. The test is particularly important for him, considering his background. The last three presidential elections have been decided by a floating chunk of voters, traditionally anti-Republican: blue-collar workers, "ethnics," Southerners. If nominated, George Bush—Andover, Yale, Skull and Bones, corporate board-room—will need more than diligence to win their support.

Meanwhile, Baker retains a decent standing in the polls; Connally has pots of money and four early primaries to spend it in; and Crane undoubtedly sees less reason than ever to bow out.

Adrift in the Indian Ocean

Whether Soviet aggression against Afghanistan represents an impetuous response to a particular irritant or the application of a deliberate and far-ranging design is a question for pundits and professors to ponder. It is like wondering whether Charles Goren reacts to the lie of the cards or applies a system, when obviously he does both. Whatever the immediate stimulus, spontaneity is ruled out by the evidence: the progression over the past three years in Soviet pushing to transform a necessitous neighbor into a totally servile appurtenance. The capacities of bridges and highways built to Soviet specifications as supposedly friendly foreign aid suggest anticipation of use for transporting heavy armor dating back to the early 1960s.

Afghanistan's potential is that of a stepping-stone to Soviet mastery over the Persian Gulf. It is not wild to imagine the United States reduced, and soon, to a fateful choice: to fight under drastic adversity or to submit to Soviet terms, however exacting, for permitting access to sources of energy essential to this country's and its allies' vitality—a choice between a most chancy war and acquiescing to the Soviet Union's unequivocal achievement, as Andrei Gromyko has put it, of "visible preponderance" from which to "lay down the direction of world politics."

In 1950, when we decided to resist in Korea, the U.S. massively increased its military power, deployed armed forces to Europe, activated the NATO command structure, and moved toward West German rearmament. The strategic consequences were not at all what the Soviet Union had anticipated. This time no equivalent moves are available to our side.

The Southwest Asian scene abounds with imponderables and perplexities. Like Afghanistan itself, nearby Iran and Pakistan are deficient in civic culture and replete with divisive particularisms. For the time being at least—not to labor painful and well-known realities—trying to do anything about beset Iran presents problems akin to coaxing to safety an excited mule borne down upon by a locomotive. Shoring up Pakistan is a wholly problematic venture. Reversing a policy foolishly imposed to punish that country for obduracy about nuclear nonproliferation, the U.S. has now offered Pakistan $400 million in aid, half of it military—a sum scorned as "peanuts" at that end. What Pakistan professes to insist on, understandably, is U.S.-guaranteed security and territorial integrity—against the Soviet Union and India alike. Whether such a guarantee could be upheld, if at all, by force short of nuclear is wholly dubious, for the U.S. lacks requisite conventional capabilities.

Meanwhile the U.S. has been shopping around the Indian Ocean for military lodgements without yet being clear just what it seeks. The center of indecision is the White House itself. Untethered events have put President Carter in the dilemma of choosing whether to confess ignorance or improvidence. In a New Year's Eve ABC interview he professed surprise at Soviet waywardness. In a January 20 NBC interview he avowed having had the Soviet Union's number from the word go. His sincerity in owning to two mutually exclusive propositions seemed convincing. Carter may well have meant what he said both times. Such ambiguity runs far beyond his rationalizations for TV. His method is to speak stickly and carry a big soft.

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The Carter proposals (we write on the eve of his address to Congress) for rectifying strategic deficiencies consist of marginal arithmetic changes—this in an emergency calling for a bold calculus of danger and response. An invigorated program for civil defense, manful backtracking on the improvident cancellation of the B-1 bomber and abandonment of enhanced-radiation technology, and a dramatic initiative to recruit talent in high places to match present challenges to national security—such are what the President's prescription notably lacks. His populist budget contains the usual potpourri of benefits for a diversity of factions—at a time when the overriding need is to summon up the nation.

Why not the best? The sad probability is that this is Jimmy Carter at his practical zenith—doing the best he can within the limits of his own awareness and imagination and the talents and insights of those who counsel him.

The Big Story

As Joseph Sobran has recently pointed out ["No Fault Media Bias," Jan. 25], the electronic news media serve less to inform than to involve. TV news brings events and issues home—but only those that lend themselves to such attention. Other matters are excluded from public consciousness.

The media have done virtually nothing to prepare the American people for the Soviet war on Afghanistan. More than five years ago, in our issue of December 6, 1974, we noted that they had said almost nothing about "the most portentous fact of the decade: the growth of Soviet power."

A study by the Institute for American Strategy found, for instance, that CBS had given one minute in two years to covering the immense Soviet buildup of missiles, aircraft, warships, and submarines. The record of the other networks was probably no better. Yet the buildup was proceeding, and it was bound to have terrible consequences.

Meanwhile the networks were portraying America's armed forces with wholly unflattering imagery. CBS's notorious documentary "The Selling of the Pentagon" was a good example of the hard-hitting, critical, and energetically negative coverage the military was receiving. The worst slanting, however, consisted not in what was said but in what was unmentioned: the global context that requires a huge and effective U.S. military program.

Since that time the networks have tried to be at least neutral toward the armed services. But they have continued to ignore the Soviet buildup. They have turned their treatment on our intelligence capabilities. And their previous work against the mil-

ON THE Left

KEVIN LYNCH

Some people aren't easily distracted, not even by the rumble of Soviet tanks. On January 20, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., senior minister of New York's Riverside Church, presided over the church's first disarmament conference of the Eighties. Sharing the dais with Coffin was veteran leftist Eqbal Ahmad, a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies. For those Americans disturbed by recent Soviet adventures, the conference provided the perfect tranquilizer.

"I do not approve of Soviet intervention," Ahmad assured the audience—and then proceeded to justify the invasion of Afghanistan. The USSR, one must understand, had "put all its eggs in one single basket—detente." Then in 1979 the Soviets "witnessed Vietnam in total shambles" as a result of U.S. policies. Ahmad reeled off other American violations of detente: the NATO decision to deploy the Pershing II missiles; U.S. battleships in the Persian Gulf. Thus the Soviets had no alternative but to start marching.

After Ahmad spoke, Coffin took the floor to declare how proud he was that his church produces the kind of person "who can educate" the public. Advising the audience that Ahmad would remain for questions, Coffin then concluded the meeting, neatly sidestepping a potential problem.

Coffin's problem was General Petro Grigorenko, a former Soviet general twice imprisoned for human rights activities who now lives in New York. Grigorenko had planned to attend the conference but couldn't, owing to an automobile accident the day before, so he sent a friend with his statement on the Soviet view of disarmament, which he hoped to have read to the conference. Coffin maneuvered to prevent that, but the curious could have found the statement on a table outside the conference hall, nestled amid literature urging U.S. unilateral disarmament.

Grigorenko's statement was a shot across Coffin's bow. He said: "All those people who wish to 'lessen the fear' of the USSR keep repeating Soviet propaganda which maintains that everything in the USSR is being done for the good of the people. . . . Those who so ardently desire to 'lessen the fear' of the USSR allege that disarmament will cut down the size of the U.S. armed forces and thus release enormous funds that would be better used for working people's welfare." Of course, what that "welfare" consists in from the Kremlin's point of view is the establishment of "prison camps that will be needed once the 'beloved' Soviet armies land in the disarmed USA."

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itary has made it almost impossible now for neutral reporting to be neutral in its effect. A story beginning "The Pentagon said today . . ." almost inevitably engenders a skepticism attaching to no other government agency—except perhaps the FBI and CIA.

Stories of Soviet troop movements and arms stockpiling aren't telegenic. Cameras can't get at them. They are technical. They aren't entertaining. They don't fit into liberal ideology or the portable myths of the media. Too bad: the big stories of the coming decade were implicit in the unreported stories of the last.

That Grain Embargo

For a couple of days after Mr. Carter announced the embargo on shipments of U.S. grain to Moscow, grain prices fell. Then the market had second thoughts, perhaps along the lines analyzed by Milton Friedman, and grain prices rose to new highs. Friedman, writing in *Newsweek*, argued that Washington would have to buy the grain that would otherwise have been shipped to Moscow; that other countries would offer grain to replace the American sales now proscribed; that the net demand would increase, and, along with it, the price; that the total effect of the embargo would simply be higher prices to all users of grain, whether Russian or American, plus another attack on the free market.

A poll by the *Des Moines Register* showed 53 per cent of all Iowans supporting the embargo, 60 per cent of all Iowan Democrats, 47 per cent of Iowan Republicans, 36 per cent of Iowan farmers.

Friedman's criticism rests on a batch of assumptions that are hardly self-evident. He assumes that our allies will not cooperate in withholding grain from the Moscow routes. He assumes that the other grain producers can easily take up the slack, although U.S. grain exports account for fully 70 per cent of the grain moving in international markets. He assumes, in arguing that the policy will cost money, that we can make war free of charge—enjoy, in contradiction of his most notable *Spruch*, "a free lunch." By arguing that this policy tends to destroy free markets, he implies that U.S. agriculture has been Adam Smith country until the day before yesterday—an implication he should have been the first to deny.

Friedman's remarks are counsels of perfection in a situation where, to use another of his favorite phrases, the best may be the enemy of the good. Granted the crazy economics of U.S. agricultural policy, it is less urgent to reform the Department of Agriculture than to discipline Moscow with the interventionist weapons already in our inventory. Let the Moscow Olympiasts eat cabbage. The ultimate value of even this flawed intervention is that it may serve as a symbol for a new determination to hit Moscow with everything short of armed conflict.

So doing, we may spare ourselves the total interventionism of global war.

Sakharov and the Olympics

As we go to press the news comes in that, finally, Sakharov proved too much for the Soviet Union. One independent mind and spirited heart, with an international following, was too much for the Soviet system to digest. It is astonishing that, Sakharov having been tolerated, however painfully, for 11 years, the Soviet Union should elect to humiliate him (and try him? sentence him to Gulag?) in the middle of the international argument over whether to participate in the Olympic games. The imprisonment of Sakharov is the ashes of 25 years of cultural relations and four years of the Helsinki Accords.

The question of the Moscow Olympics had already blown sky high, with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. That invasion changed nothing essential, but it seems to be providing a catalyst for political perception. Just about everything has now been said on the issue of a boycott, which *NR* has favored since 1977, when James Burnham devoted a series of columns to the meaning of the Moscow games.

Lord Killanin of the International Olympic Committee and Robert Kane and other U.S. Olympic officials now fit easily into the 1936 role of Avery Brundage. As Pete Axthelm writes in *Newsweek*: "In 1936,

Jones Rotheo

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the Olympic movement faced a problem somewhat larger than amateur purity or rule enforcement. It was called Nazism. Three years before the Berlin Olympics, Jews had been excluded from German sports clubs. By 1935, the Nuremberg laws deprived Jews of their citizenship and protection under German law. In response, U.S. Olympic officials were content to extract promises of token Jewish participation on the German team. The late Avery Brundage toured Germany in 1934 and pronounced himself impressed. . . . As a result of this kind of reasoning, the Berlin games went on as scheduled."

The question of U.S. participation in the Moscow Olympics cuts very deep. At its most fundamental level it asks: Just what kinds of relations is it thinkable to have with the Soviet Union? Will Carter now ask as a condition of our participation a) that the Soviet Union pull out of Afghanistan, and b) that the Soviet Union give freedom to Sakharov? That leaves about 16 countries and 260 million people still in subjugation.

Kennedy Falls

Senator Kennedy's campaign managers, whiffing the impending defeat in Iowa, petulantly insisted that Carter wouldn't "really" win unless he got 51 per cent of the vote. Carter saw their 51 and raised them eight. Pundits are already predicting poor showings for Kennedy in his own backyard, in the Maine caucuses (February 10) and the New Hampshire primary (February 26).

Kennedy thus reaps the first fruits of a disastrous start. His fabled staff was clumsy and disorganized—they sent him into Iowa without a farm policy. Kennedy himself seemed boring and unexcited. He struck more than one observer as a man who didn't really care that much about winning.

Kennedy also suffered from an incredibly bad break. Between his announcement and the Iowa vote, the disasters in Iran and Afghanistan transformed Carter from an embattled boob into a National Leader, round whom all patriots must rally. A deep and abiding ignorance of the world situation inhibited Kennedy from saying what was both true and potentially profitable to himself: that Carter's ineptitude had encouraged our enemies in the first place.

The deeper difficulty with the Kennedy campaign, however, concerns his constituency, and that difficulty is organic: To whom can he appeal? The solutions of programmatic liberalism—as Roosevelt and Truman, Johnson and Humphrey understood them—have lost their allure. It has been 16 years since an avowed liberal was elected to the White House. Kennedy has not offered anything stirring because he has nothing stirring to offer. The hollowness of his candidacy has been disguised by the glamor of his name and the national impatience with the President's incompetence. But once these dissipate, Kennedy is left with Freak House—good enough, in the Democratic Party, to keep a campaign going. Hardly enough to win a nomination, much less an election.

Kennedy may improve his image, and the Southwest Asian crisis may consume Carter as quickly as it inflated him. Kennedy had better hope so—he has nothing else to fall back on.

The Market Wins

Back in 1973 Washington set out to demonetize gold—i.e., to deny the precious metal a role in the world monetary system. But people in the world economy said no. Seeking a more reliable store of value than printing-press money, they defeated Washington's plans and, in due course, remonetized gold de facto. In the process they raised its value from the official price of $42.22 an ounce to over $800 an ounce.

The biggest beneficiary of the private remonetization of gold has been the U.S. Treasury. With the largest gold hoard in the world—263 million ounces—the Treasury has seen its wealth rise from $11 billion to $210 billion; enough, some say, to restore dollar convertibility and the dollar's role as the world reserve currency.

Oddly enough, the Treasury still lists its gold holdings at $11 billion, thus denying the dollar the psychological support in the world currency markets of being backed by $210 billion in gold reserves. Yet the Treasury won't sell any gold at the official price that it carries on its books. The new half-ounce and one-ounce gold medallions which the Treasury is readying for midyear sale will go for the world price on the day of order plus a 2.5 per cent fee to cover production and delivery costs.

Landmark Interpretation?

Federal Judge John F. Dooling Jr. has ruled that the Hyde Amendment, limiting federal funding of abortions, is unconstitutional. It took him 642 pages to say why, in the course of which he studiously avoided the word "kill." His opinion is a monument of unincisiveness.

"To deny necessary medical assistance for the lawful and medically necessary procedure of abortion," Dooling wrote, "is to violate the pregnant woman's First and Fifth Amendment rights." That is a fair specimen of the sort of mental operation on which lives may depend. Dooling went on to write of "a woman's con-

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scientious decision, in consultation with her physician, to terminate her pregnancy because that is medically necessary to her health."

For those who wonder what all that means, Dooling found that *poverty* may be taken into account in deciding whether killing the fetus is "medically necessary" to the mother's "health." And while rejecting the argument of Planned Parenthood and the ACLU that restrictions on abortion constitute an "establishment of religion," he invented a nearly undecipherable doctrine that seems to come to the same thing.

Dooling held that since many "mainstream" religions don't prohibit abortion, Congress may not prohibit it either, lest it abridge the "free exercise" of the beliefs of women who belong to those religions, or something. It would seem to follow that if some religions don't forbid speeding, there should be no speed limits on federal highways, especially if the Roman Catholic Church does forbid it. We await Judge Dooling's opinion on this sensitive constitutional question.

Newsweek termed Dooling's ruling a "landmark interpretation," which it is only in the sense that the Baconian theory was a landmark interpretation of Shakespeare. The case now goes to the Supreme Court. If the Court backs Dooling, the result could be a major clash between the legislative and judicial branches over whether Congress still has the right to appropriate funds.

William O. Douglas, RIP

The obituaries for Justice William O. Douglas have put forth the imagery of the great outdoors he loved. *Time* called him "the evergreen liberal." President Carter called him "a lion-like defender of individual liberty." The *Washington Post* spoke of the way he "followed only his own star." Others called him "passionate," "creative," "bold," "fierce," with a legacy of "expanded" constitutional rights. In sum, America seems to have become a freer place, with fresher air, because William O. Douglas inhabited it.

This is at best a half-truth; probably less. Douglas's career on the Court began during FDR's court-packing days, and until then he had been helping the New Deal supervise Wall Street. Despite his and his eulogists' rhetoric ("Our Constitution . . . was designed to take government off the backs of people"), he was on the whole an aggressive avatar of Big Government, and most particularly of a Big Judiciary.

It was little noticed that most of the individual liberties Douglas championed came at the expense of state and local government and hence at the expense of the federal structure mandated by the Constitution in which he professed to find those liberties latent. In rulings on segregation, school prayer, reapportionment, rights of accused persons, abortion, racial busing, pornography, and subversion, he strove to gut communities of their autonomy and even to weaken the legitimate powers of the Federal Government he was otherwise eager to beef up.

He will be remembered most, probably, for his consistent First Amendment libertarianism. With Justice Hugo Black, he sired on that Amendment a series of monsters that have by now been accepted as legitimate progeny of the Constitution's framers. Above all, perhaps, he was blind to the insight of Alexander Hamilton, that a Bill of Rights would be construed as making exceptions to an otherwise unlimited federal sovereignty. Hamilton's apprehensions were incorporated in the Ninth and Tenth Amendments—the two passages that constitute the nexus between the body of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. These were the Amendments Douglas never sought to "expand"—if indeed he ever noticed them. The desuetude into which they have fallen is the real legacy of Douglas and his Warren Court colleagues.

Persian Gulf or Bust

Three hundred and fifty miles to go
And nobody's breathing hard.
With frightening ease, they're busy as bees
Enlarging their own backyard.
The President struck with feed and fish,
But all of his moves to date
Recapture the fog enveloping Prague
That summer of '38.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I am surprised that you should fall into the common error that the two men crucified with Jesus Christ were "criminals." True, Josephus called them "brigands" (*léstai*). But careful Biblical exegesis demonstrates almost conclusively that they were Zealots—members of the Jewish guerrilla movement, religious and political, which fought to drive out the Romans. (It was the Zealots who perished to the last man, woman, and child in the defense of Masada.)

For their "subversive" activities Zealots were frequently crucified by the Romans. There are veiled

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references to the Zealots, among whom Jesus grew up, in the Gospels—and, in fact, one of the Apostles is designated a Zealot by Mark, who calls him "Simon *Kananaois*," the Aramaic word for Zealot.

As always,
Ralph [de Toledano]
Washington, D.C.

Memo to: Malachi Martin
From: WFB

Help!

Dear Bill:

The weight of objective evidence supports the translation of "criminals" or "evildoers"—as a general term without specification. Here is the evidence.

In three Gospels, the two crucified with Jesus are described as:

1) κακούργος, by Luke, three times (23, 32; 23, 33; 23, 39);

2) λῃστής, by Mark, once (15, 27); by Matthew, twice (27, 38; 27, 44). John refers merely to ἄλλους δύο ("two others"), without further specification.

The word κακούργος occurs in the New Testament only four times. Indubitably, it refers always to what we would express by the general term "criminal" or "evildoer." The word λῃστής occurs in the New Testament 15 times. Again and indubitably, it always refers to "criminals" or "evildoers," but with a note of specification—robbery, homicide, cheating. Where either word occurs in the Greek of the Old Testament (the Septuagint) it invariably means the same as when it is used in the New Testament.

Our only other source for the Hellenistic Greek of the New Testament is the Koine Greek (which was the Greek spread throughout the eastern Mediterranean as lingua franca, on account of the hegemony of Alexander and the post-Alexandrine kingdoms and culture-centers. For instance, Caesar did not exclaim "*Et tu, Brute!*" He said καὶ σύ παιδί. Upper-class Romans spoke Greek, Koine Greek, among each other, and Latin to the lower classes). We have mountains of documents (ostraka, papyri, inscriptions, etc.) in Koine Greek. Again, no doubt: the meanings are the same as in the New Testament texts. The same holds true throughout the whole of classical Greek.

So the linguistic argument is irrefragable for opting for "criminals" as a general term. Only, λῃστής is derived from a root conveying the idea of "prey" or "booty." Hence it adds the specification of robbery and homicide. The other word is formed with the root meaning "evil," "harm," "wrong." In all events, the two gentlemen were hard cases.

The idea of treating the two "criminals" as Zealots is not new, but it has received tremendous vogue in the last fifty years because of the efforts to make the execution of Jesus—as well as the nature of his "movement" and "preaching"—appear purely political. Hence He is made to seem merely a Jewish political leader, not a savior. Only He messed up His act, like so many other self-appointed Messiahs (all political) who plagued the Greek and Roman occupations of Judea in the last one hundred years before Jesus.

The phrase "Simon the Zealot," to which Toledano refers, is probably—I say *probably*—correctly translated. The word he adduces (*kananaois*) should linguistically go back to an Aramaic word beginning with the letter Qoph; and the only suitable word is (in transliteration) QANAH. And that means a member of the Zealot crowd who did their own plaguing of Judea in Roman times. But to say that either κακούργος or λῃστής means Zealot because one or more of the men Jesus gathered around him were or had been Zealots is like proposing to translate either word as "fisherman" because some of the men around Jesus were or had been fishermen. In other words the reference to "Simon the Zealot" has no relevance here. And in spite of all efforts to find "veiled references" to the Zealots in the NT, not one of them stands up to objective scholarship. By the way, it is misleading to say that the Zealots "perished to the last man, woman, and child in the defense of Masada." They committed suicide—an important point. It was mass suicide—rather than fall into the hands of the Romans. Hence the talk about the "Masada complex" of modern Israel—which has now become the "Gaza complex" (if we go down, we will tear the house down with us).

There have been huge efforts to place Jesus in the Judea of his time as a revolutionary with a socio-political program backed up (as always with ancient Jewish leaders) with a religious program. And the efforts are part of the "liberation theology" and what one might call the Che-Guevara-ing of Jesus. There is no scholarship in all this, merely the layering over of Jesus' salvific work with a modern socio-political ideology. And this madness will last for some time, because faith is weak.

Hope that all this helps. Briefly, stick to your guns.

Best always,
Malachi

Dear Ralph: Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!

Cordially,
Bill
—WFB

Wrong-Way Kennedy

Though Teddy claims the current nearly
Pulled him out of reach,
Revised tide tables show he clearly
Would have hit the beach.

W. H. VON DREELE

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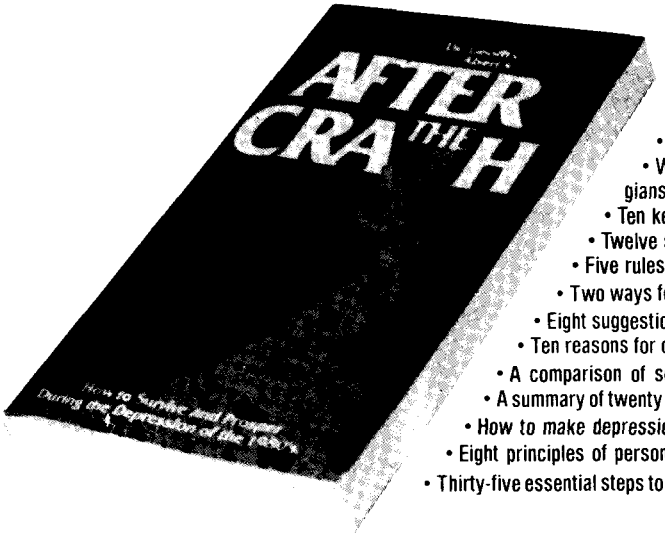
How to Survive and Prosper During the Depression of the 1980's



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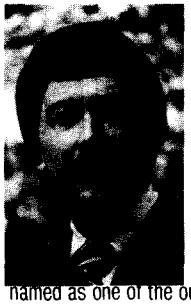
- Why does the "revoluntionary army" have volunteers in practically every country throughout the world?
- What will happen when neither the National Guard nor military forces is able to restore order?
- What can happen when the President decides to use all of the emergency powers at his disposal?
- Who will be in the best position to survive a period of extended social upheaval?
- Why are churches becoming more introverted?
- What is the unrecognized danger of having thirty percent of all U.S. workers under-employed?
- If a new social order emerges in the last decade of this century, what will it be like?
- Why are less than two percent of your bank deposits truly protected?
- How can you keep from losing your real estate investments during a depression?
- Why and how are people getting out of Social Security?
- How can you allocate your resources between survival dollars, traditional investments, and depression-proof alternatives?
- How do you develop behavior patterns that will help you cope with the emerging society?
- What are the reasons for interest (and principal) in foreign banks and tax havens?
- Why do foreign bankers believe that the U.S. national character is so greatly flawed that neither the dollar nor the America committment is respected abroad?
- How do you open a Swiss bank account?
- How can you prepare for the potential of racial violence in the United States?
- How can you protect your house and valuables?
- What should you store in the event of an economic collapse?
- What is retreating? Should it have a place in your plans?
- What is the potential of underground housing?
- Why is there a reemergence of "victory gardens"?
- Whom should you include in a survival team?



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Geoffry F. Abert is a noted author, speaker and business economist who holds an endowed chair at a major U.S. university. Abert holds an M.B.A. degree from an eastern university and a Ph.D. in management and economics from a leading West Coast business school. He has served as a management consultant for numerous groups including the Planning Executives Institute, Sun Oil, IBM Corporation, and the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.. He has been named as one of the outstanding young men of America, and honored by President Jimmy Carter for his leadership in planning.

Abert has been president of his own company, a marketing executive for the nation's largest advertiser and a research specialist for two major business and economic think tanks. The author of eight previous business books, Dr. Abert is a frequent convention speaker in the United States and abroad.

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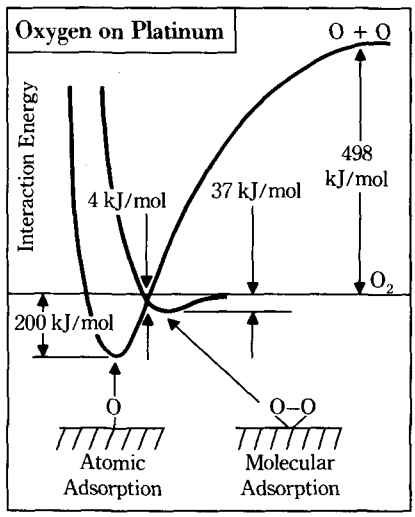
The Atomic Arrangement

In a recent experiment, scientists at the General Motors Research Laboratories studied changes in chemical bonding during the dissociation of oxygen molecules on platinum. Preliminary surface work has explored an interesting new phenomenon: the mechanism of oxygen dissociation over a wide range of temperatures.



A simplified schematic illustrating the reaction potential energy surface for oxygen-adsorption on a close-packed platinum surface.

An electron diffraction pattern which shows diffraction patterns from an oxygen-covered hexagonally close-packed platinum surface at 0° C.

UNDER what conditions will oxygen molecules dissociate into single atoms on a platinum surface? What is the mechanism for oxygen dissociation? Those are the kinds of questions that Dr. John Gland and his colleagues at the General Motors Research Laboratories are investigating to get a better understanding of the chemistry behind catalysis.

Their work has valuable practical implications for the automotive field, where catalysis is used to remove harmful emissions from automobile exhaust. Most cars built in the U.S. use catalytic converters filled with beads containing platinum to chemically transform carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons into harmless CO_2 and water.

While it has long been known that catalysts are an effective way to convert these gases, little is known about precisely why and in what order the basic atomic reactions occur.

In seeking answers to these questions, surface chemists study the elemental composition and geometric arrangement of atoms in the first few atomic layers of the surface and the means by which atoms and molecules from the gas phase bond to the surface.

In his most recent work, Dr. Gland has been studying the adsorption and desorption of oxygen on platinum single-crystal surfaces. This is important because oxygen is the agent that must be adsorbed on the surface to react with carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons to convert them to CO_2.

The experiments were conducted in a stainless steel ultrahigh vacuum system equipped with an electron energy analyzer and a mass spectrometer. The electron energy analyzer allows one to measure the concentration and character of the oxygen adsorbed on the platinum surface. The mass spectrometer is used to measure the desorption of O_2 as the platinum surface is heated. Mathematical analysis of the desorption process allows one to characterize the chemical bond between the oxygen and the platinum surface.

In these experiments, the platinum surface is covered with oxygen at the extremely low temperature of −179°C (almost the temperature of liquid nitrogen) by exposing it to gaseous O_2 molecules. The oxygen remaining in the gas phase is pumped away, and then the desorp-

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tion of oxygen from the surface is observed as the platinum crystal is gradually heated to 1000°C.

The oxygen was found to desorb from the surface in two distinctly different temperature regimes—part at −125°C and the rest at about 425°C. By using the oxygen-18 isotope, it was established that the low temperature desorption represents oxygen that was adsorbed on the surface in a molecular form while the higher temperature desorption corresponds to oxygen adsorbed in the atomic form. From an analysis of the desorption process, it was possible to establish the complete energetics. Oxygen molecules from the gas phase strike the surface and are weakly bound (37 kJ/mol). The adsorbed oxygen molecule can either desorb into the gas phase (37 kJ/mol) or dissociate into atoms (33 kJ/mol). The atoms are bonded very strongly (200 kJ/mol) to the surface.

FROM the desorption analysis, it was also possible to deduce the mechanism for the dissociation process. The interesting conclusion that results is that the formation of O atoms on platinum is a two-step process—oxygen is adsorbed in a molecular state and then dissociates to form atoms.

The GM scientists were most interested in learning how this adsorbed molecular species is bonded to the platinum surface. Fortunately, another technique was available to determine the bonding. The technique is called electron energy-loss spectroscopy and is quite new—there are only six or seven such instruments in the world. The measurements not only confirmed the existence of the adsorbed molecular oxygen but showed that it was bound by the transfer of two electrons from the platinum surface into the antibonding π_g orbitals of oxygen. "This was most exciting" said Dr. Gland, "because this is the first time that this type of oxygen bond has been observed on a metal surface.

"We're getting closer and closer to a more specific understanding of catalysis," says Dr. Gland. "The more we learn about simple chemical systems, the better we'll be able to control more complicated systems. That has excellent implications for protecting the environment."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. John Gland, 32 years old, is a Senior Research Scientist in surface chemistry at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He heads a group of 7 investigators, 4 with Ph.D.s, all involved in work relating to the basic surface chemistry of catalysis.

A graduate of Whittenberg University in Ohio, Dr. Gland received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry at the University of California, Berkeley, in 1973 and joined the General Motors staff that year.

Dr. Gland comments: "I came to GM Labs because I wanted to get in on the ground floor of an exciting new field. The atmosphere here is very open, with lots of cross-pollination among departments. With several hundred people with Ph.D.s here, we've got a lot of human resources to draw on in all the basic sciences.

"Typically, management defines a broad problem, then we're free to tackle the solution in any way we choose. They give us the freedom, equipment and support to get the job done correctly."

In addition to his research, Dr. Gland enjoys backpacking in Wyoming and in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California.

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Dear Mr. President

THE following memorandum was not leaked to me by a White House source. It was not written by an influential presidential advisor. It does not even necessarily represent the thinking at the highest levels of the Carter Administration. But it ain't chopped chicken liver, either. The White House today is brimful of former liberals, thoroughly abashed, many of whom have just passed through the little town of Neoconservative in a high-speed chase to the outskirts of Hard Right. Much of what they are telling the President goes something like this:

Dear Mr. President:

Responding to your request of this morning, herewith my suggestions as to what steps are immediately available to you in the international arena.

1. *Continue your background sessions with the press.* They are in a frenzy now and that can only help us. Joe Kraft, Mary McGrory, Tom Braden—they are all beginning to sound like that clown on *Firing Line*. As long as the liberals in the press provide cover, you can move to the right without jeopardizing your image of restraint. (Caddell reports that New Hampshire voters are moving rightward so rapidly that his surveys are out of date before he can messenger them over here.)

A caution: you know the staying power of our friends in the liberal press. The Soviets will be cooing at them by spring-planting time in Plains and your "restraint" will suddenly become "intransigence." We must move quickly on the actions outlined below.

2. *Escalate the pressure on Moscow's Olympics.* My staff is unanimous in recommending that we up the ante on the boycott campaign. Specifically, we urge consideration of these moves:

a. Legal action against the host committee to ban the Soviet team from competition in their own games. Counsel's office reports that Geneva, The Hague, and other forums could be utilized.

b. Legal action to transfer the games to Mexico City, Munich, or Montreal. The Vice President's trial balloon on this point received mixed reviews, but there seems to be no question that it stimulated the adrenals among the Krafts, McGrorys, et al.

(It should be noted that either *a*, *b*, or a combination of the two will knock Moscow's planning—notoriously ponderous and rumored to be behind schedule, anyway—off its pins.)

c. Support the Western press, which is already showing signs of trimming in the face of Soviet rigidity. (We could use a little of that trimming in the Briefing Room.) Friends on the Hill and in the agencies should discuss with NBC their plans for off-site coverage. Journalistic groups and trade associations should be encouraged to participate in a wider discussion; NBC, as you know, has faded to third in the ratings again and can use a backbone transplant. Additionally, we should announce a policy of free access for electronic signals. Philosophically, this proposition is germ-free; in practice, it will mean that if the Soviets block Radio Free Europe, or Radio Liberty, or the Voice of America, the NBC signal doesn't move west of Moscow.

d. Simultaneously, we should finalize plans for converting our own Olympic trials to the Freedom Games. Our trials, as you know, are of world-class caliber. We can make them better still by inviting the best foreign athletes in each event—inviting them, that is, as individuals rather than as members of national teams. (To ensure a first-class presentation you should also use a little Johnsonian persuasion on corporate supporters.) Then, with you presiding over the opening ceremonies and awarding medals to the champions, we'll see who comes away with the better international image.

3. *Accelerate arms shipments.* Some of the NSC boys have, as usual, reduced the argument to pith: arm anybody who wants to fight Russians or Cubans. (To give you the flavor of the discussion in Zbig's shop, they have adopted the "presumption" that wartime allies need not be paid-up members of the ACLU. The customary impudence aside, their position is no longer a rhetorical extravagance. Even State is growing a little fuzz on the chest.) You will be receiving detailed recommendations in due course, but the programs for the Chinese, the Afghans, and Savimbi's insurgents in Angola will be found near the top of the pile.

4. *Eliminate the double standard under which our friends are judged more harshly than our enemies.* (As one of Zbig's imps puts it, we have become the Groucho Marx of nations, uninterested in joining any club that will accept us as a member.) The Shah, Somoza, Diem, Lon Nol—they all give way to something less helpful, something more repressive. (As you will see in your News Summary, the *Post* is cranking up the campaign against Mobutu, and Marcos's turn can't be far behind.) Let's not assume automatically that anybody who opposes an American ally—anybody, to put it frankly, who hates the United States—represents the "legitimate aspirations" of his people. They rarely do.

5. *Watch for opportunities to employ the economic boycott.* I am including in your night reading a monograph on Thomas Jefferson and the dreadful decision he faced in 1807 after the sinking of the *Chesapeake*. As Jefferson saw it, he had three alternatives—war, submission, or economic boycott. His decision, unpopular at the time, was to employ the boycott, seeking thereby to deny the British their largest market. When his successor, James Madison, finally gave in to the hawks and declared war, neither he nor Jefferson knew that at that very moment, across the Atlantic, the British had capitulated. The economic war had succeeded, and the military war that followed was utterly purposeless. We should remember always that the American market remains among our mightiest weapons. □

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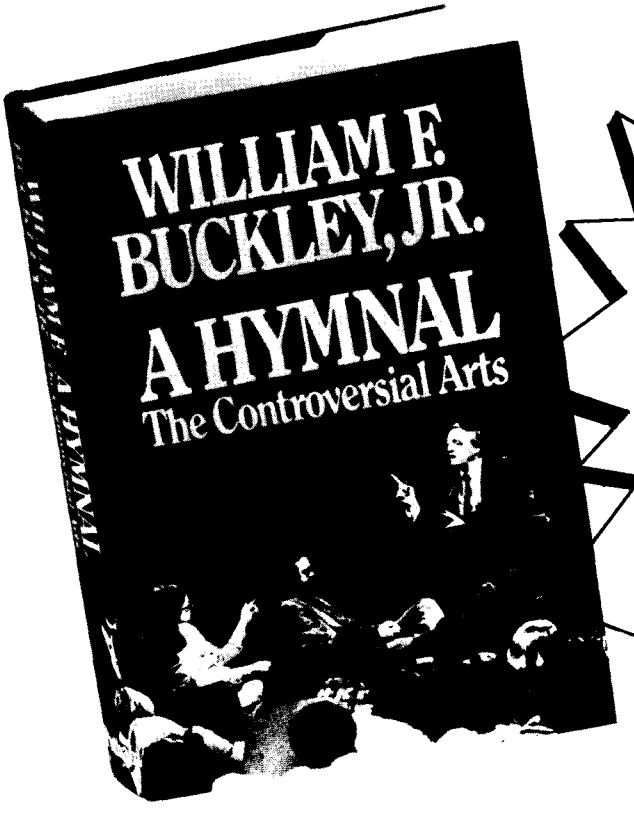

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The Man for 1980

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

MY EXCUSE for a column on Franz Josef Strauss is that I had a long talk with him in Munich just before Christmas; but really, no excuse is needed. In the fall of 1980, the Federal Republic will hold general elections, and it is very possible, and greatly to be desired, that the Christian Democrats will return to power for the first time in over a decade, with Strauss as chancellor.

There are two very good reasons for expressing this hope: one is that the return to power of Chancellor Schmidt would be positively dangerous for the Western Alliance and for Germany itself; the other is that Strauss is a good European and Atlanticist, and a genuine champion of freedom and the free-enterprise system. As this view differs markedly from the widely accepted public images of Schmidt and Strauss, some words of explanation are needed.

First, Schmidt. Is he not, then, a good European and Atlanticist, and a non-socialist Social Democrat content to live with the "social market economy" created by the late Ludwig Erhard? Is he not "sound on defense" and a "moderate"?

Well, yes and no, to all these questions. Schmidt joined the SPD in 1946, at a time when that party along with the Communists was advocating a planned economy. He was associated with his party's Deutschland Plan, which would have led to a confederation between a socialist West Germany and a Communist East Germany.

By the time the SPD came to power in 1969, under Willy Brandt, Erhard's bold economic experiment had proved so outstandingly successful that the Social Democrats were not about to discard it, and Germany's rearmament, membership in the European Economic Community, and membership in NATO had not, for all the Soviet propaganda to the contrary, been used for *revanchiste* purposes. In other words, fashions had changed, and so did Schmidt, becoming, as opportunity dictated, a good European, a sound NATO man, and (incidentally) Willy Brandt's Defense Minister.

Taking over as chancellor when Brandt was forced out by the scandal of an East German spy right in his own office, Schmidt consolidated the reassuring reputation which circumstances had created for him. Or did he? In *NR* last spring (April 13), I drew attention to the brooding problem of the SPD's left wing.

Officially, the SPD discarded dogmatic Marxism in its famous Godesberg Program, but the Marxists in the SPD did not feel any compulsion to quit the party. As in Britain, the ruling Social Democrats have harbored an alien group within. Schmidt himself was content to leave the economic system pretty well as he found it (although with qualifications discussed below). But the party's leader in the Bundestag, the ex-Communist Herbert Wehner, went right on preaching Marxist forms of socialism and dreaming of a United Germany as part of a "socialist commonwealth" in Europe, East and West.

More alarmingly, the SPD's General Secretary, Egon Bahr, a visceral anti-American and a protégé of Willy Brandt, was the real architect of the Chancellor's *Ostpolitik*, which gave the Soviets several things they had wanted, such as West German recognition of East Germany and of the postwar frontiers of the two German states. Worse, he has been working on a new *Ostpolitik*, which would take Germany out of NATO as part of the price for the reunification of a socialized West Germany and a liberalized East Germany.

As the ruling chancellor, Schmidt cannot ignore these rumblings even if he wished to. At the Guadeloupe summit a year ago, he took the line that nothing, but nothing, should be done to irritate the Russians. And no other European statesman has been so outspoken in public approval of the Carter-Brezhnev SALT II draft. When it came to the modernization of NATO's nuclear weapons, Schmidt did indeed say they could be deployed on German soil, but only if other NATO countries had their quota too.

What confidence can we have in the foreign and defense policy of a re-elected SPD under a man with Helmut Schmidt's shifting record?

What, then, of Franz Josef Strauss? No other Western politician of modern times has been so maligned on such flimsy grounds. He was forced to resign as Defense Minister in 1962 after he had acted to have the publisher and senior staff of the news magazine *Der Spiegel* arrested for allegedly disclosing official secrets in an article. Concretely, his resignation had been forced by the liberals of the FDP, at that time the coalition partners of the Christian Democrats. Interestingly, the then leader of the FDP, Erich Mende, made amends last month in an article in the magazine *Student*, in which he declared, 17 years after the event, that Strauss was in the right and that *Der Spiegel*'s attitude was indefensible.

No fewer than 11 times, Strauss has taken his detractors to court, and each time the judgment has been in his favor. The Czech defector General Senja has since disclosed that the *Spiegel* affair, not surprisingly, had been mounted by the Soviet KGB to discredit Strauss and remove him from office. (See also "On the Right.")

THE TRUTH about Strauss is that he is not only a man of outstanding intellect and energy (as even his enemies admit), but, on the record, a man of unswerving principle. He was, with Erhard, one of the architects of the social market economy. As Defense Minister, he built up the 500,000-strong, high-technology armed forces of the Federal Republic. As Finance Minister from 1966 to 1969, he balanced the budget and achieved a real growth rate of 2.7 per cent with an unemployment total of only 179. To quote more recent figures might be unfair to the Schmidt government, which, along with the rest of us, has suffered grievously from the hike in oil prices.

As chancellor, Strauss would stand up to the Soviets in a way that would, I am convinced, win their respect without increasing the danger of a shooting war. Quite the contrary: all our postwar history shows beyond question that peace is endangered when the West appeases the Soviets, whose appetite grows with the eating. □

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

Exit Sign

MALACHI B. MARTIN

SOME 19 YEARS AGO, Swiss-born Hans Küng accepted from his bishop, who represents the Vatican in such matters, an official mandate to teach Catholic doctrine at the university in Tübingen, Germany. On December 15, 1979, the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (CDF)—the Vatican ministry that oversees the teaching of theology—effectively terminated that mandate, declaring that Küng "cannot be considered a Catholic theologian." The CDF declaration had the explicit approval of Pope John Paul II.

Already in the late Sixties, Küng was warned that he was not fulfilling his promise to teach Catholic doctrine. He paid no attention. As early as 1970, the *New York Times* reported that he was bracing for an "important battle" with the Vatican. He was warned again in 1975 and yet again in 1977. By the time of the CDF declaration, not even Küng's most loyal and vociferous defenders denied that the declaration accurately reflected the facts of the case, i.e., that what Küng teaches and holds is indeed not Catholic doctrine.

Küng does not teach that Jesus was and is true God and true man. Jesus, he says, is associated with God *not* by being a person of the Trinity, but because he was chosen and destined by God to be his son. Küng further holds that Jesus was conceived by normal human procreation. The doctrine of Jesus' birth from a virgin, Mary, is merely a symbol. All of the events of Jesus' life which have been recounted and which Christians normally call miracles have a perfectly natural explanation. Jesus did not exercise any supernatural power.

No Resurrection

The Swiss thinker does not teach either that Jesus rose bodily from death or that there was a resurrection on Easter day. After his truly human death, Jesus "is living in God's life" while "he remains the same particular unique person as before"—a state which is not peculiar to Jesus but can be asserted about every just person who reaches Heaven after death. According to Küng, the Church can err and has erred precisely in those things it calls on its members to uphold as truths necessary for salvation. A Christian can *never* be sure he is not being taught error by his Church. Christian bishops have *no* exclusive authority to teach Christian faith. Jesus did not in fact establish or wish to establish any official teachers such as bishops. A theologian like Küng can be as infallible as any bishop, indeed as the Pope himself.

As for sacraments, Küng has very little use for Confession. He holds the Last Supper was merely a communal meal and did not include the institution of the Eucharist. Any non-ordained Christian can consecrate the bread and wine—nothing "priestly" is required. But then the bread and wine do not become the body and blood of Jesus, at least in the accepted Catholic sense. Historians of theology will hear in all of this some eerily familiar echoes of other, more ancient heretics, reaching all the way back to the second and third centuries after Jesus. Latter-day headlines notwithstanding, you will search in vain for something original in Küng.

Still, he might have earned the grudging respect even of the most faithful, if he had displayed the courage of his convictions and, like Luther and Calvin, broken frankly and sincerely with the bishops, the Pope, and the Church with whom he is in such fundamental disagreement. But, having conferred infallibility on himself, he chose rather to insist that in approving the CDF declaration the Pope was showing that he "does not want to accept any fraternal correction [from Küng] . . . he does not like an irksome critic [like Küng]." And, to cap it all, he claimed and claims the *right* not to teach Catholic doctrine but still to be considered as one officially mandated to teach it. This is not merely immature petulance on his part; it is a blatant contradiction. The CDF simply declared Küng could not have it both ways.

That Küng made the December declaration necessary evokes regret. His reaction to the declaration evokes quite another sentiment. "I am ashamed for my Church that in the twentieth century she still resorts to secret inquisitorial methods . . . The Pope is condemning a man he has not heard." This is simply not true. More distressing is the fact that Küng *knows* it is not true. On December 21, Küng's bishop, Georg Moser of Rottenburg-Stuttgart, had a two-and-a-half-hour conversation with Küng and received from him a written *Stellungnahme* or position-paper. With Küng's knowledge and consent, Moser then flew down to see Pope John Paul II with that paper. In a last-ditch attempt to understand Küng's teaching in some Catholic sense, the Pope met with Moser and two other German bishops, two German cardinals, one Yugoslav cardinal, and one Italian cardinal, for five hours. The unanimous decision was to confirm the CDF declaration.

A Warning

In his book, *The Acting Person*, John Paul gives his own attitude toward dissent in the Church. Dissent is good, a source of progress, he states, as long as it does not militate against the common good. That is the limit beyond which dissent is intolerable. Küng, of course, long ago traversed that limit. In terms of sheer tactics, Catholic officialdom had to terminate his mandate—that is all it did. It took away no right of his. Küng should have expected this final exit sign. He had to be checked, for he made himself into a figurehead, almost a shibboleth, for theologians here and in Europe who are active in the ongoing dishevelment of Catholic teaching. He and they have been severely discomfited by the CDF declaration. For Küng, all this is now hindsight. And, while press reports have made it plain that the other theologians traveling in Küng's caravan do not relish heading in his company for the same exit sign, they have also made it plain that that sign is both accurate and clear. □

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help !!!!

Anybody but Church

In Boise, he borrows a sheepskin
To blend with the Western locale,
But back on the Hill his typical bill's
Peculiar as Frivolous Sal.
For 24 years he's been giving
Constituent voters the bird.
That's why, with a *cluck*, they'd take Donald Duck,
Mickey, Minnie, or Mortimer Snerd.

W. H. von Dreele

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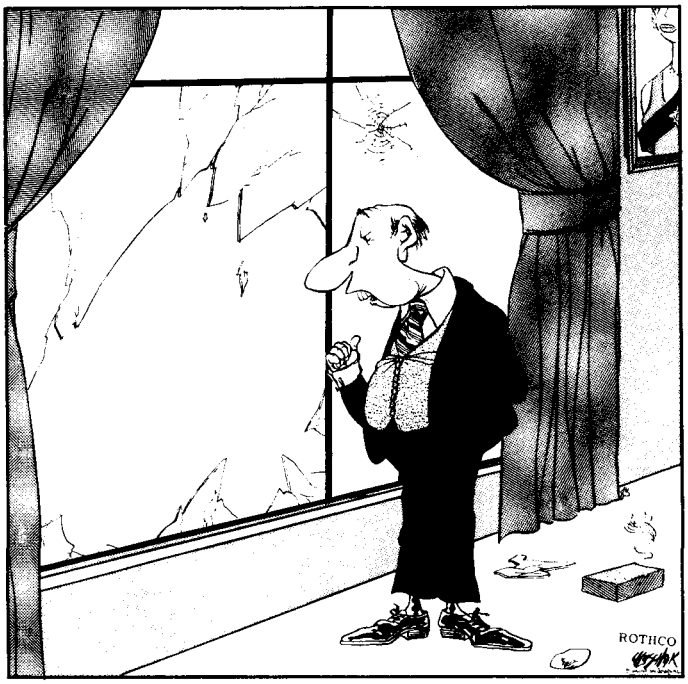

"You must want the American Embassy—it's a block down."

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NOTES FROM OUT THERE

A Chronicle's Recipe

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THERE ARE (let us try to imagine a plausible number) nine hundred highbrow magazines in America today, ranging in size and influence from *The New York Review of Books* to *The Puget Sound Journal of Structural Criticism* (surely there is such a thing; if not, it will come). How, in this welter, is it possible to create a review of thought and art that is distinctive? *Chronicles of Culture*, a forty-page, bimonthly review, now three years old, thinks it has the recipe.

Get away from Manhattan. It is the perception of everyone that most nationally marketed opinions are generated by an intellectual establishment located in New York City and its allied territories and fiefs. It is the perception of *Chronicles of Culture* that most of the opinions thus generated are destructive and wrong-headed. Accordingly, *Chronicles* has exiled itself, physically as well as mentally. The magazine is put together in Rockford, Illinois under the aegis of the Rockford College Institute, Rockford College being a small, stubbornly independent Christian institution. Contributors take their geographic freedom seriously. *Chronicles* rebukes the *Chicago Tribune* as often as the *New York Times*, and reviews Chicago theater.

Admire America. Most established opinion-makers, if they have any loyalties to a national culture, direct them abroad—to England, France, or (in Noam Chomsky's case) China. *Chronicles* is unabashedly pro-American—probably because its editor is a foreigner. Leopold Tyrmand was born in Warsaw, studied at the Académie des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and served time in Nazi and Communist concentration camps. He defected to America in 1966, and has loved its ways and idioms ever since.

Cherish normality. Highbrow journals characteristically encourage high-wire stunts, dizzily removed from the level of normal human thought and behavior. *Chronicles* looks to the nets. Men "discovered early," writes Tyrmand, "that the lack of normality in the universal scheme was a defect, and we had to correct it. We felt its need. So, we invented it. We thought it up; it was necessary for us to have a measure of viable order, indispensable for living in a community, in a society, or just peaceably next to one another." Normality, Tyrmand is saying, is pre-rational; it provides the premises which any sane, humane exercise of rationality must assume. Yet it is also acquired.

MEN MAY be seduced from normality, or grow up in ignorance of it; and *Chronicles* heaps its brightest scorn on the seducers and obfuscators. "*Playboy* magazine" (Tyrmand offers an instance) "polled its readers not long ago, and found that notions like non-carnal love, fidelity, and marriage still hold an inexplicable spell over the great majority of them. To the smart intellectualoids in *Playboy*'s headquarters those findings were both enigmatic and loathsome: their cultural limitations bar them from knowing that their 'philosophy' has been privy to mankind since the first realization that humans mate regardless of seasons . . . and that random sex reduces the worth of life so much that it makes it vegetatively meaningless and boring. We thus invented the sexual principles of love, custom, convention, chastity, modesty, normalcy.

"Superb civilizations," Tyrmand continues, "were structured on these exclusively human devices; life became meaningful, rich, full of purely human happiness and sadness, without whose interplay we would be little different from gnats. Now, *Playboy* ideologists have come up with a proposition of the one-night-stand sexual ethos [ATTACK], and marvel that their customers may pay for gawking but are reluctant to make such supermarket wisdom a guiding theory of life [COUNTERATTACK]."

Go for the jugular. "One is inclined to talk of popular taste," wrote Ezra Pound in 1934, "when one should hunt for the chaps working the oracle." Tyrmand and his contributors—Ernest van den Haag, Thomas Molnar, Otto Scott—agree. Politics and "popular taste," they believe, are epiphenomena, spume cast up by the ebb and flow of ideas. The chief propagators of ideas in a modern society are its media, in the broadest sense: newsmen, critics, artists. *Chronicles* reports on the reporters, and reviews the reviewers. Its verdicts have not been kind.

"The present wave of decadence," *Chronicles* lectured in its obituary for the trendy weekly *New Times*, "came to America not through a surfeit of power, nor through the fascination with corruption by wealth: power is constantly challenged here by emerging elites and minorities, wealth is now more evenly distributed than ever in America. Decadence came to America via ideas: the idea of cultural egalitarianism as a 'liberating force,' the idea of a value-free society that should participate in everything, even degeneration. These ideas were largely embraced by the liberal media. The decadence of the Seventies is not an effect of satiation and excess, but an ideological phenomenon, brought into being by openly engineered ideological trends."

Chronicles suffers from the crotchets that afflict most new magazines, and all minority ones—the sweeping indictment, the imperfect generalization, the shot from the hip. It saves itself every time, however, by its sense of—I almost said humor, but *Chronicles* is too caustic for that—by its sense of anger. How can one, finally, resent a publication which offers, as a regular feature, a book-review section entitled "Waste of Money"? which juxtaposes its judgments, kudos or assassinations, with boxed contradictions from the pages of *The Nation*, *The New York Review of Books*, and the *New York Times*? which solemnly describes the *Village Voice* in a lead sentence as "an advertising organ for mattresses and stereos," and which catches Pauline Kael comparing *The Warriors* to Xenophon's *Anabasis*?

The answer is, one can't; which is why *Chronicles* will continue to coax out literate cultural pieces from the hinterlands beyond Hell's Kitchen and the West Side Highway. □

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Is Soviet Technology A Paper Tiger?

NO!

GEORGE M. YOUNG JR.

THE LAST TIME I was in Leningrad, an enormous, three-dimensional propaganda sign near the dormitory where our group was staying reminded us daily, in letters a yard high, that the latest five-year plan was devoted to *Effektivnost' i Kachestvo*, "Efficiency and Quality." Handsomely lettered, prominently positioned, it would have been a very impressive sign if the letter *ch* in the word for "quality" (*kachestvo*) hadn't been so poorly mounted that it was soon hanging sideways. And apparently we Americans were the only ones who noticed, for it wasn't until weeks later, near the end of our summer language program, after several of the students had been observed taking souvenir photographs of this telling advertisement for Soviet quality, that Soviet officials finally sent someone to prop up the fallen letter.

Most of our students were there for the first time, and, for them, the lopsided *ch* in the call for *kachestvo* epitomized what they had seen of the land of Lenin. Each day for ten weeks, they were presented with both the USSR of public rhetoric (a thing as close to paradise as the atheist mind can imagine) and the USSR of everyday experience (where you soon get used to the idea that toilets shouldn't flush, doors shouldn't open, saleslerks shouldn't help you; and where you actually begin to look forward to standing in those long lines that eventually lead you to that day's cabbage).

But as a veteran of two previous terms in Leningrad ('68 and '73) I took the opposite view. I was impressed, first, that quantity was no longer the only thing on the minds of Soviet planners; second, that only one letter on the sign was lopsided; third, that those who took pictures of it did not have their film confiscated; and fourth, that someone finally was sent to repair the defect.

Our students, on first hearing the phrase "Catch and overtake America" couldn't help but laugh. How can the Soviets overtake us when they can't even make mimeograph machines (much less Xerox machines) available for their teachers (much less their students) to use in preparing handouts for class? But, looking in the store windows at what is available now, and remembering what was available only a few years back, I'm astonished by how far the Soviets have come in a very short time. I remember when "Made in Japan" was still a phrase one laughed at. Comparing the quality and variety of things "Made in the USSR" now and then, and hearing the tone of "Catch and overtake America" change from the fanatic messianism of old to the quiet confidence of today, I'm not inclined to laugh.

What the Soviets Never Forget

To be sure, a good long stay in the "worker's paradise" (say, ten weeks or more, and as much of that as possible off the beaten Intourist track) is probably still the best ready cure for incipient leftism, especially of the naïve American student variety. But any conservatives who might wish to de-Bolshevize their sons and daughters by sending them to study in a Russian university for a term had probably better do so soon. For by the time thousands of eager and impressionable foreigners start arriving for the Olympics, the Soviets will want to be able to point to plenty of visible, tangible evidence to support their claim that in everything that really matters they have "caught" the West.

The visibility of the proof is crucial. They won't allow tourists or journalists in areas that aren't up to showcase standard, but when it comes to wandering around inside the showcase areas, they will allow visitors enough freedom to see for themselves that the Soviets have most of the material things we have, and, what is more, they have no crime, no poverty, no dissidents (they'll all be in New York or Gulag by then), and their marvelous subways still cost only a nickel.

Anyone who will then dare to debate the relative merits of socialism and capitalism will have only intangibles to fall back on. And as Kennedy learned from Khrushchev,

Mr. Young, a poet and teacher, is a scholar of Russian literature. He has, over the years, done much traveling in the Soviet Union. Mr. Stillman is director of Hudson Research Europe, Inc.

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and as many an idealistic young American student has learned from well-schooled Komsomols, you don't get far arguing "freedom of choice," "self-evident truths," and "inalienable rights" with a trained dialectical materialist. Even now, whenever we try to trade theories with them we get eaten alive. It's only when the theorizing ends and the time comes to point to concrete results that positions have reversed: at that moment, we have been able to stop squirming and they have had to start. That is precisely what they're trying to change. To be sure, they still have a long way to go. But coming from behind, from an apparently hopeless position, to overwhelm an overconfident opponent is what the Russians have always been best at. And Communism hasn't changed that.

What the Soviets never forget—and what we never seem to remember—is that they are in a race with us. They know what the stakes are, and they want to win. I'm not sure we do.

Getting Better and Better

When Soviet "students" come on American tours, they keep their notebooks open and their newly acquired Bics moving. They want to know: how many square feet in an average worker's home, how many cows per person on a dairy farm, how many tons of this or that did we produce last year compared to the year before? How many of us know how many man-hours it takes to put how many parts into an average Ford? By the time a Russian has been here for a week, he knows. He knows just exactly what has to be done in his specialty to catch and overtake America. And while in most of the glamor races we are still comfortably ahead, in more obscure "minor" events that most of us don't even know are being counted, the USSR has either drawn within striking distance or passed us in the last few years.

Their subways, everyone knows, have always been better than ours. But their buses used to be a joke. Now their big new Ikaru models (made in Hungary, to be sure, but still on *their* streets) make ours look like horse-drawn trolleys. When it comes to buildings, the days of wedding-cake monstrosities and huge drab block-houses are long gone. The Soviets' current efforts in this field indicate that, more and more, they are looking toward the twenty-first century—while we, of all people, seem to be trying hard to create something that will look like an inspiring past. They are only too eager to become the pioneers of the future, and we seem only too eager to step out of the role that has traditionally been ours.

On the streets now, only the older people still have that Russian look. The new suits on the racks at the big Leningrad department stores could be sold anywhere. Three years before, I had bought a pair of obviously Russian shoes. This time, when I wanted to "go native" I couldn't wear them—the only people still wearing "Russian" shoes were middle-aged Uzbeks squatting in doorways with watermelons in their laps.

Or take the production of books. In the old days, no matter what was in them—whether it was Tolstoy or Lenin's critique of religion—Soviet books rubbed off on your hands, were printed in a single ugly typeface, and fell apart after one reading. But now, as the quality of our printing and binding is sinking, their books, still inexpensive, are much better made than they used to be.

The contents are improving too. There are no new Solzhenitsyns, but not all the Soviet writers are mediocre hacks. And in non-fiction, what can be printed now is generally much more interesting than what used to be permitted. Soviet scholarship in the fields I'm familiar with is less dogmatic, more thorough, even more imaginative, and certainly more tolerant of opposition than it used to be. One can read whole books now without once encountering a quote from Marx, Lenin, or Maxim Gorky. This does not mean that the Soviets have begun to turn out the kinds of universal geniuses who were working in most disciplines during the reign of the last of the Czars. When a universal genius like Solzhenitsyn has appeared, they haven't let him work. But, generally, the quality of average, acceptable Soviet work has risen markedly in the last twenty years—and is still rising. Can we honestly say the same about ourselves?

When we do admit that a race is on, we tend to think of it exclusively in military terms. But what we must constantly force ourselves to remember is that the Soviets want to prove, first to themselves, and then to anyone else who may happen to be watching, that they can equal or better us in everything. Too often, what we see as an opportunity for a friendly exchange of good will they see as yet another opportunity to prove that they can beat us. Let me cite a trivial example. The first time I took a group of students to the USSR, we visited a camp for Pioneers (a more regimented version of our Scouts), where, after a few pleasantries had been exchanged, we were invited to play volleyball. Thinking it would be a friendly, informal game, Russians and Americans against Russians and Americans, we naturally accepted. So when the camp director announced to the assembled children that a "team" from America was now going to play against "some Soviet young people," I was quite surprised, and I just hoped that our college students wouldn't spike the ball too hard against the 11- and 12-year-old Pioneers.

No need to worry. As we sauntered toward the court we saw waiting for us what looked to me like a semi-pro factory team, young men and women in uniform shorts and T-shirts, most of them in their twenties or

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You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

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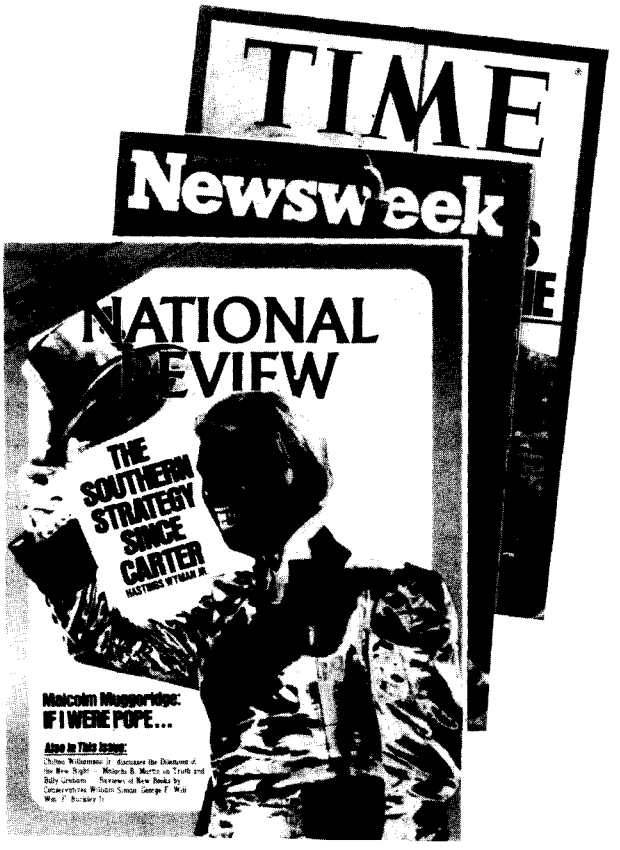

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early thirties, warming up for us by doing group calisthenics. So suddenly there we were, cast as the losers in that day's melodrama illustrating the eternal struggle against the representatives of capitalism. After thoroughly trouncing us four games out of four, our host graciously made an edifying speech about struggling for victory, and I was handed the microphone to make gracious remarks appropriate to a good loser.

Not even the most militant anti-Communist, I think, would begrudge the Soviets a higher standard of living. I'm glad to see them wearing better shoes—I just don't like being what they want to walk over.

The Soviets are doing a better and better job at making a bad system work, while we are doing more and more to make a better system fail. The potential of their system is limited to what can be clearly seen well in advance and incorporated into a total blueprint. In theory, at least, the potential of our system is unlimited, for we can do what can't be planned: unexpected inventions, the rapid development of promising discoveries, ventures into uncharted territory, hunches that work and turn fools into geniuses have all been central to our system's successes.

The problem is that as the Soviets grow more adept at imitating the products of our ingenuity, we seem to be trying harder to incorporate the very features of their system that inhibit initiative and ingenuity: centralized inefficiency, mountainous snarls of red tape, the emphasis on group quotas instead of individual merit, the demand that art and science support political ideology (in our case liberalism), the insistence that nothing be undertaken without the prior approval of a panel of appointed experts. If we keep putting more obstacles in our own way, the Soviets can't help but catch us.

It is a mistake, I think, to judge the general mood of a country by talking only with vocal dissidents. To be sure, dissidents are plentiful in the Soviet Union. But more representative, I think, are the people who would no more think of emigrating to America than most of us would to the USSR: the teachers, engineers, doctors, bus drivers, machinists, policemen, minor officials, and so on who have their gripes, but who are generally as proud of their country as we are of ours, and are willing to work hard to get what they want. And what they want most of all is to catch and overtake America.

I hope we will start making our own system work while we still have the chance. To do so, the majority of Americans will have to reassert the values that were ascendant when American initiative, inventiveness, and confidence gave our country the momentum that we are still riding on. If we do our best at what we can do best, then we may be sure that Russia will be trying to catch up with us for centuries. But whether we do or don't make an effort ourselves, we can be certain that when the Olympics begin, and the world's attention is focused on the USSR, the *ch* in every sign proclaiming *Effektivnost' i Kachestvo* will be firmly and visibly in place. □

Is Soviet Technology a Paper Tiger?

YES...

EDMUND STILLMAN

In 1839 Nikolai Gogol found himself in Italy working on an early draft of Part I of *Dead Souls*. Amidst the decayed magnificence of the High Renaissance he penned the following apostrophe to his distant homeland:

> Russia, Russia! Far from you, in this beautiful land, I hold you in my memory. Alas, everything in you is poor, straggling, and uncomfortable. In you there are to be seen no bold wonders of nature crowned by even bolder wonders of art– no cities with many-windowed tall palaces built upon high crags, no picturesque groves, no ivy-covered cottages in the roar of the waterfall to rejoice the traveler or amaze the eye. . . . Everything in you is open, empty, flat; your humble towns are scattered like smudges upon your vast plains, like scarcely visible marks. . . . But what is the mysterious, incomprehensible force that draws me to you? . . . My thoughts grow numb, confronted with your vast expanse. What do those immense, far-flung spaces hold in store?

The observation—Russia's shoddiness—and the question—Russia's future– were not original with Gogol, nor with the nineteenth century. Long before the Romanov Czars, the first travelers from the West had noted the country's filth, squalor, and latent strength. Confidently they predicted a different tomorrow. Like America, Russia has somehow incessantly demanded the future tense. The question is always what will be—and the worst faults of the immediate present are excused by the prospect of a visionary coming. In the Russian case, through a historical paradox, this quality of futurity exactly matches the futurity implicit in Marxism-Leninism itself. People have been waiting for the Russian miracle for a long time.

That same year, 1839, a Frenchman, the Marquis de Custine, an unjustly neglected contemporary of Alexis de Tocqueville, made the opposite voyage of discovery. Jour-

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neying eastward to search not for a yeoman republic but for a working example of monarchical authority in its purest form, Custine in his *Lettres de Russie*, a book full of shrewd observation, remarked of the Russia he saw: "Everything is obscure that lies in the future; but it is certain that the world will see strange scenes played out upon its stage by this nation of destiny." Yet of that present Russia, he noted the same melancholy and drabness which Gogol was seeing in his mental vision. "The more one moves out from the [ceremonial] centers of the towns," he wrote, "the more one finds oneself in empty lots bordered by hastily erected barracks which seem destined to lodge workers summarily called together for some grand undertaking. . . . One might think oneself present at the moment of a review or on the eve of a fair which never takes place. Grass grows in these so-called streets, always deserted because they are much too spacious for the population that walks them."

Thus, if we are to believe Gogol and Custine, those most salient features of Soviet life, the slovenliness and carelessness, were well marked a century and a half ago in Czarist Russia. Even more to the point, they were well marked at the time of the Soviet Union's birth and have hardly abated since—in nearly two-thirds of a century. Yet for most observers these decades slip from view: the Soviet Union, we are told, is a "new" country.

It is not the least remarkable achievement of the Soviet government, which is not a great deal younger than this century, to have preserved its image of novelty (for Westerners at least). There cannot be too many men alive today who as Red Guards stormed the Winter Palace in 1917; and Russia, the foundation upon which the Soviet Union is built, is considerably older than that. Yet the world has repeatedly suspended disbelief where the USSR is concerned. Not years nor even decades have been thought sufficient time to warrant bringing in a judgment. It is the futurity again. The faults of today will soon be rectified . . . tomorrow. "How sad is our Russia," Pushkin is said to have remarked when he read Gogol's draft. But even Gogol, against all his argument and reason, planned to show in Parts II and III of *Dead Souls* a Russia redeemed.

Yet is it not time to ask questions? Are not, in some sense, this squalor, lassitude, and decay the nature of the beast? Has not Russia been playing a major role in history since the seventeenth century? Has it not been engaged at least from the time of Peter the Great (some historians would say from the time of Ivan the Terrible) in a herculean effort, in Khrushchev's old phrase, to "catch up with and overtake the West"? Why has it failed?

The shoddiness and squalor of present-day Russia in fact passes belief, so much so that merely to describe in factual terms the country's capital, let alone a dozen provincial cities like Kiev, Tashkent, Novgorod, and Odessa, or worst of all, the villages, is to stand convicted of partisanship in the cold war. Moscow's Sheremetyevo airport is a major stopping place for the heavy traffic between Tokyo and Paris, Frankfurt, and London. It is visited by tens of thousands of foreigners each year—yet it remains a dreary building, ill-carpentered, with crumbling stairways, rusted iron rails, and a shoddy canteen where a few solemn and dispirited waitresses stand about and occasionally bring dirty glasses of warm soapy beer. The few airport tourist shops sell nothing but clumsy wooden toys and vodka—for Western hard currencies only.

But the airport, in Soviet terms, is a showplace. Beyond, the oppressive atmosphere, the sense of poverty, is all-pervasive. Pushkin would still be reduced to tears.

If you are a simplistic cold warrior, it is easy to explain that squalor in Russia goes hand in hand with Communism, except that by now we have seen Communism work itself out in more than one national context. There is a *Russian* Communism, a *Chinese*, a *Yugoslav*, a *Polish*, a *Hungarian*, all profoundly different in material accomplishment and, more important, in "tone."

Russia is in raw statistical terms the second richest nation in the world and geographically the largest. Compared to a nation like Hungary its natural resources are staggering. Yet without denying that Communism has lowered the standard of living in Hungary, or at least held the country back from fulfilling its expected postwar progress, any objective visitor to the two countries must concede that the "quality of life" in Hungary is infinitely superior. Budapest in more ways than one is halfway to Western Europe.

Why Do They Need the Italians?

No, the questions are not easy to answer. When we consider that the Soviet Union is probably the single largest steel producer in the world, that it was over *half a century* ago that the first five-year plan set out to emulate and surpass the United States, and when we consider too that automotive technology hardly represents the leading edge of applied science in today's world, why then should the Russians need to call in the Italians to help them build an already antiquated Fiat 125 Sedan, or Mercedes—the hated Germans!—to help them construct trucks?

To answer the basic question we have to look at the historical reality behind the current headlines, and empty ourselves of ideological biases. Perhaps there is a shocking truth: just possibly the enemy of material excellence in the USSR is the *Russian* people and not the *Soviet* government.

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To say this is counter to all advanced thought, of both Left and Right. In the late twentieth century, after all the excesses of Hitlerism and the like, it is no longer safe to speak of nations as having identities.

Nevertheless, if Tocqueville's Americans remain recognizable nearly two centuries later, just possibly so do Custine's Russians. It is worth considering the idea that nations are not merely political organisms but a more or less coherent body of traditions, attitudes, gifts, and weaknesses, all of which constitute a "culture" or a way of life, which continues not *un*changing but only slowly changing from generation to generation. If we accept this notion, then it begins to be relevant to ask what lies behind the persistently disappointing performance of the Soviets.

Now I would argue that the first proposition which we need to bear in mind is that *the USSR is Russia*. This may seem self-evident, but in fact it has been the pretension of the Soviet leaders, from Lenin on, that what was being acted out in the USSR was not a specifically Russian drama but a universal one—to be understood in ideological terms as the demonstration of the fall of capitalism and the coming of a new socialist and later Communist system. The enemies of the Soviets have taken them very much on their own terms, forcing us to see in the failure of the Russian *ancien régime* a lesson—either terrifying or hopeful depending on one's ideology—of prophetic relevance to the future of Western capitalism. But the comparison here is inaccurate, since the specifically *Russian* features of the story have not been given sufficient attention. For not only is the USSR Russia in another guise; the Communist regime is also the political successor to the old imperial Russian monarchy—and a very queer monarchy it was too. Defenders of Western values, including the free-enterprise system, should know they do their cause no favor by identifying themselves with that state-capitalism—seemingly incapable of free development—which existed in Czarist Russia. It is true that the Russian economy was developing fast between 1890 and 1914, but not in ways really compatible with a genuinely humane society. In any case, what was that old Russia to us? That Nicholas and Alexandra lived in irenic middle-class conjugality in the cozy family apartments of the palace at Tsarskoe Selo should not blind us to the fact that Nicholas conceived of himself as God's absolute representative on earth, in a way that old Franz Josef, or young and pushing Wilhelm II, to say nothing of Edward VII, could never have done. And granting that Habsburg Vienna and Edwardian London were only outwardly proper, one can hardly imagine the spiritual counselor of Edward's Queen Alexandra behaving like the Czaritsa's Rasputin in the way of steambath orgies with her ladies-in-waiting.

Just as the Czar's monarchy was, as Custine found, unparalleled among the monarchies of the West for its despotism, what if the Soviet regime is a very queer *Russian* republican form of government, taking its peculiar features as much from the underlying historical nature of Russian civilization as from Marx and Lenin?

A second proposition that may help us understand chronic Soviet lags is that not only is the USSR old Russia writ new, but, in addition, *Russia is not Europe*. The problem here is simultaneously geographical, cultural, and religious, and it is compounded for us by the fact that Russia, both before the Revolution and, albeit clandestinely, to this very day, is a Christian country, and the great center of Christianity is the European West. Moreover, since the reign of Peter the Great, at least, there has been a self-conscious, often colossal, effort by the Russian rulers to adapt to the European model in fields other than religious. Thus in the Europe of the *ancien régime*, Russia "passed" as European, playing a role in the Concert of Nations, just as in the corridors of the United Nations today Soviet diplomats seek to enlist sympathy against China on the grounds of "Western solidarity." Yet time and again throughout modern history, some queer event has stripped away the mask of the country's Europeanism, revealing the true visage of Russian and Scyth.

The real inheritance of Russia, while Christian, is Eastern Orthodox; Russia was civilized by missionaries from Constantinople, and her traditions of government are Byzantine —statism, despotic authority, bureaucracy, and suspicion of the West.

Chronically Indebted to the West

For Peter and his successors, the arts and crafts of the West were always an exotic import—thus Italian architects built the palaces of St. Petersburg, German officers drilled the Russian troops, and Scottish sea-captains like John Paul Jones trained the fleet. Western technology was never for Russia an organic growth from within.

In this sense Russia poses a problem which we meet again and again in the modern world, as more and more countries seek to import the fruits of Western science and technology, and to enter the competition for world trade. There is implicit in most development economics, and especially in foreign-aid programs since the last war, the notion that Western technology can be borrowed as straightforwardly as a cup of sugar from a neighbor. This facile idea fails to take into account that Western technology, even in applied form, is the consequence of a whole *Weltanschauung*. Even the Japanese, with a long history of cultural borrowing and a tradition of "perfective" technology, still depend heavily upon Western Europe and the United States for basic patents. Iran under the Ayatollah Khomeini is the clearest case to date of this phenomenon of incompatibility.

The real point then is that Russia (by extension, the Soviet Union) still to an extraordinary degree relies upon the West for fructifying ideas—hence the repeated recourse to the West throughout modern history, not only by Peter the Great, but by the later Czars, by Lenin in his NEP, and again by Stalin's successors. It might be noted in passing that even though the Stalinist era (1928-1953) seems to represent an exception, a period in which Russia did not borrow, the exception is more apparent than real. The process of borrowing continued through espionage and other clandestine means.

In other words, if the Soviet Union is Russia and Russia is not only chronically indebted to the West but also ill at ease with its values and products, then the problem of ensuring continuous technical progress and high standards of performance is not an easy one.

From the above, obviously, much follows, all of it rela-

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tively gloomy so far as the material progress and excellence to be expected in the years to come is concerned. But in all fairness, there is an objection to the foregoing argument which might completely invalidate my observations on the Russian spirit.

How are we to account for an intellectual– though chiefly literary—flowering that included Pushkin, Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, Gogol, Turgenev, right on to the "Silver" Age of Russian literature before the First World War, with writers like Gorky, Merezhkovsky, Schloffsky, Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Mandelstam, Tsvetayeva . . . To find a parallel compression of literary richness in so short a period one would have to go to Elizabethan England or Periclean Athens. How shall we account for the painters in the first twenty years of this century: Goncharova, Larionov, Malevich, Kandinsky? Moreover, a musical achievement that encompasses Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Rachmaninoff, and Shostakovich is only less impressive by virtue of comparison with a literary achievement almost without parallel.

At the risk of seeming a sophist, I can only give one answer, arrived at after long deliberation buttressed by much study of intellectual elites in underdeveloped countries and their relationship to the civilization surrounding them. My conclusion is that the brilliant names cited above (and here they simply do duty for hundreds and thousands– perhaps as many as twenty or thirty thousand individuals in a population of some 130 million in 1900) were not really Russians in the true sense at all. They spoke Russian– but not always, since many preferred French or German as their first language. They lived in Russia– but not always, since many, like Gogol or Herzen or Turgenev, willingly or unwillingly passed years abroad. They were in any case the forerunners of a class of Westernized Oriental Gentlemen, essentially what the French call "*déracinés*," who learned from the West, adopting its values even while preserving a sentimental attachment to their physical homeland. It is the merit of the generation of Russian writers who flourished in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that they thoroughly explored the mechanism and psychology of deracination, leaving an unparalleled account of the internal tensions set up in the individual by any such process of apostasy. It is worth remembering that they oscillated between extremes of hatred, contempt, and rejection of the fundamental Russia on the one hand and near-hysterical or messianic assertions of the supremacy of the Russian value-system (from which they had in fact seceded) on the other. These extremes are exhibited to perfection in the famous quarrel between Turgenev and Dostoyevsky.

In short, this Russian intelligentsia was a population caught between two worlds. In another metaphor, they were a kind of hydroponic garden, luxuriant but without roots in the soil. Looking back in middle age on the last years of pre-Revolutionary Russia, the exile G. P. Fedotov wrote: "Fifty more years and the Europeanization of Russia, down to her lowest layers, would have been accomplished. How could it have been otherwise? The Russian people were made from the same ethnographic and cultural dough as the gentry which successfully went through the same school in the eighteenth century. Yet these fifty years were not given to Russia."

The observation is heartbreaking, but a skeptic who believes that history is not a series of accidents but a sequence of causalities might ask why those fifty years were not given. Possibly because the Spirit of Russia did not wish, as a Solzhenitsyn might put it, to sell its soul like Esau for a mess of potage, i.e., the technological baubles and material wealth of the hated West.

We have all along underestimated this psychological dimension of modern Russian history. One way of looking at the Russian Revolution (though no historical cataclysm can be analyzed from any single point of view) is that it was less of an economically motivated revolution—despite the arguments put forward by its architects, like Lenin and Trotsky—than a *national* convulsion. In this view, the national spirit of Russia was affronted by the process of Westernization, which perhaps was just tolerable before the First World War, when the Czars and their entourage retained charismatic authority and were seen as the incarnation of power and success—a power and success against which dumb traditional Russia could not hope to struggle. But when the Czar and his generals met with repeated defeats in the First World War, the edifice of authority came tumbling down, with all the consequences we know.

This phenomenon of affronted cultural nationalism is a dimension of the Russian Revolution which I think has never received adequate notice. That something like nationalism and not mere economic deprivation threw Russia into convulsion is suggested, first of all, by the fact that economic conditions had significantly improved from 1910 onward, and secondly, and most importantly, that the harbinger of revolution– in this case, the aborted revolt of 1905– came in the context of another, though smaller, military defeat, this time by the Japanese.

It is one of the great historical ironies that, whatever their failures as human beings, it was men like Lenin, Trotsky, and the other Old Bolsheviks—men who were among the last representatives of the brilliant, rootless Russian intelligentsia—who effected the Revolution of 1917 in Russia. But Stalin was not of this class, and in the Second Russian Revolution of 1928-38 he destroyed it—root and branch. It is tempting to see in this Second Revolution the

(Continues on page 174)

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Down Among The Anthropoids

IN ADDITION to having taught for ten years in American universities and colleges, I have, since 1949, spent several months almost every year lecturing all over the country. There have been considerable changes in opinions, reactions, manners, and mannerisms over that long period, and some of them are worth recording.

When I first set foot on American soil in 1937, I was amazed by the nationalistic zeal I encountered. The young people I met considered their country the best, the finest, and the first in the world. Today, I find an almost complete reversal of these feelings—thanks partly to a very specific, ideologically tainted propaganda.

There have been few "just wars," but the Vietnam War, undertaken to stem the tide of Communism and to protect millions of innocents, belongs in that category. That should be evident today, even to the deaf and the blind. But clever propaganda has accomplished the remarkable feat of persuading millions of Americans that their country has waged a war of aggression against a helpless people whose only salvation lay in the acceptance—of what? Marxism with a human face? economic democracy? socialist progressivism? enlightened Bolshevism? We were never told. Yet, whatever the unspoken formula, the fact remains that the Vietnam War turned countless Americans not against Communism, but against America. Gone are the days when, for example, one of my students refused to believe that Luxembourg had the densest railroad network in the world because he couldn't believe that the U.S. was second in any respect to any other country.

It is imperative that Americans live down the antiwar propaganda of the late Sixties and early Seventies. There are, of course, those to whom the truth is absolutely unpalatable; they simply cannot face it and refuse to acknowledge moral and intellectual defeat. Others are thoroughly bewildered and have ceased to believe anything, lapsing into a sort of political agnosticism. And then there are those, true ideologues, to whom the anti-Vietnam War movement was a heaven-sent opportunity to foster leftism. "If the Vietnam War had not existed," one of the leaders admitted, "we would have had to invent it."

These leftist stalwarts are still with us, and they recently made it impossible for me to deliver a lecture at the University of Wisconsin. The experience was valuable for me not least because it was a live encounter with the sort of specimen of *Homo non-sapiens* that one doesn't come across every day.

Organized by the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, my lecture had the exciting, though not necessarily comforting, title of "Liberty or Equality—From Sade and Marx to Hitler and Marcuse." A mixed crowd of male and female students awaited me, some apparently sympathetic to my views (those of a classical liberal sporting an Adam Smith tie), others decidedly left of center but certainly believing in free speech and Socratic dialogue. So far so good. But hardly had I begun to speak when a group of about 15 "students" entered, whom an evolutionist would undoubtedly have classed as *Homo neanderthalensis*. A few of them were American; the rest represented a special Third World—or, to be more accurate, underworld—milieu.

We Can Make You Speak!

Sartorially they showed tremendous imagination; also linguistically. They started interrupting me almost immediately, and their speech was a weird compound of Pidgin English and obscenities. The other students were indignant but ineffective against the disruptive tactics.

One of the Americans in the invading group tried to direct the chorus, without much success. "Don't you realize that we have a class system! A class system!" he shouted furiously. A student in the first row called for quiet and respect for freedom of speech, but no sooner had I resumed my lecture than the heckler started up again. One foreign student inveighed against free speech because Hitler had enjoyed it and thus climbed to power. Finally the goons overturned the lectern, at which point I declared that I would not speak any more. In parting, I said that they had won physically whereas we, deprived of free speech, had won morally. This only increased their ire. They surrounded the dais and one of them hissed, "You stay here! We can *make* you speak!"

Sanctuary

It was a most uncomfortable moment. I am very irascible and my impulse was to hit my tormentor, but I am a septuagenarian and no longer fit to take on such types. Meanwhile, the situation was worsening. Some of the hoodlums took positions at the door to bar my exit. At that moment the Holy Ghost moved me to look in another direction, and as the verbal battle was reaching an intolerable pitch, I spotted a second door and managed to escape. Seconds later I was in the corridor, followed by a trickle of the more civilized students. In my hotel, which was nearby, we were given a conference room and I continued my lecture in peace, free of further interruptions.

The aftermath, I later learned, was a fistfight among the "interventionists," who apparently belonged to different leftist groups, united only by their broken English and the Marxist gospel. This unanimity vanished with the disappearance of the class enemy, and the campus police finally had to come and break it up.

What one must ask is this: Who finances these foreign students in American universities? They are obviously not the offspring of wealthy Third World tycoons. One more question: Did they bring their ideological baggage with them from distant shores, or did they acquire it at American universities? I am afraid that the one supposition is as likely as the other. □

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Real Educational Reform

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

For three decades, there has run on a hot argument about the theory and the practice of schooling in this country. Yet what measurements we possess indicate that, from kindergarten to graduate school, standards of learning have been declining ever since 1949. Weary work though the restoration of learning must be, there still rise up brave souls who tell us what has been done wrongly, and how we may educate rightly.

Two very recent books in this crowded field I find particularly interesting. One already has been widely discussed, Mr. Paul Copperman's volume *The Literacy Hoax: The Decline of Reading, Writing, and Learning in the Public Schools and What We Can Do about It* (William Morrow, $10.95). I do most highly recommend this book (which was reviewed more thoroughly by James Jackson Kilpatrick in *NR*'s December 21 issue), as does the Council for Basic Education.

Mr. Copperman, the proprietor of an independent school for training teachers of reading, not long ago testified before a committee of the United States Senate about the decay of schooling in this land. In summary, he points out that "the average high-school student today takes 25 per cent less English, 35 per cent less world history, 35 per cent less government and civics, 30 per cent less geography, and 20 per cent less science and math than students a generation ago. He is assigned less than half the homework, and the textbooks he is given have been rewritten with a reading level two years lower than the grade he is in."

The educational system, Paul Copperman tells us, has become "a sick $130-billion-a-year social institution." He exhorts Americans to strive for "the reconstruction of a badly deteriorated educational system, where teachers are saddled with a chaotic and inadequate curriculum, where they feel compelled to reduce performance standards and work demands, and where the only psychology many of them have learned equates authority with authoritarianism and confuses training with nurturing."

Well, what can we *do* about this? Our chief need is a reassertion of educational leadership, Mr. Copperman replies. He is not at all vague in this: he describes in some detail a variety of practical ways in which the authority of learning generally, of those charged with the administration of public schools, and of the more able teachers may be re-established. He is particularly strong on the necessity for dissuading federal officials, and judges on the bench, from perpetual meddling in school concerns. Is it any wonder, he suggests, that disorder rages triumphant in schools which fear action against them by federal courts if they suspend any student, even the most violent, without approved "due process"?

Say Not the Struggle . . .

Mr. Copperman's book is obtaining the sort of serious attention which was paid to the books of Arthur Bestor, Mortimer Smith, and other reformers more than a quarter of a century ago. Say not the struggle naught availeth.

The Literacy Hoax may persuade some readers that their children would be better off if they were not required to attend public schools at all. Precisely this is the serious thesis of *School Can Wait*, a lively if learned book by Raymond S. Moore and Dorothy N. Moore, and associates (Brigham Young University Press, $7.95).

Raymond Moore, who has been a dean and a college president and now spends all his time at educational research, argues, with much evidence at his command, that actually most children shouldn't leave home for school until they are eight years old. He encourages parents to keep their young children out of school if at all possible, statutes or no statutes, lest they suffer damage both intellectual and psychological.

What is the alternative to the early years of elementary school? Why, to talk with one's children at home, and to read to them, and to help them to develop their creative talents. The personal relationships of the home, even if the parents themselves have an imperfect formal education, are far more valuable than the rigors and impersonal scale of the elementary classroom.

Learning to Read

What of reading instruction? Dr. Moore writes, "In early childhood, intelligence appears to be less important than social-emotional environment for learning to read. After the third grade, intelligence becomes more important, although even then its effect may be minimal." For many children, the atmosphere of the classroom—whether the method of reading instruction is sound or unsound—may itself be an impediment to acquiring literacy. I know that when I was seven years old I still had not learned how to read in school—not at all. Then, as my mother was about to give birth to a baby, she took me in hand and taught me how to read in two or three weeks, by kindly but intensive individual instruction.

A great many parents, of course, regard elementary schools as custodial establishments, run at public expense, to keep the kids out of mischief while both parents work. This attitude grows more pervasive, what with more "careers" for mothers. But at least we ought to modify the compulsory-attendance statutes to make it possible for parents who wish to rear their own small children to keep those little boys and girls at home.

Mr. Copperman and the Moores, in their different ways, are dissenters from the pseudo-orthodoxy of Holy Educationism. Up with the restoration of learning! These two men have sounded their trumpets, and some of us ought to draw our swords. Metaphorically? Well, yes; but I am tempted to reply, "No, literally!" For much of what is done in the name of Education in this land is a crying shame. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Nothing of Honor

The Brethren
By Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong
Simon and Schuster, 467 pp., $13.95

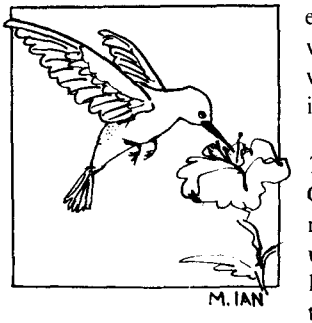
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Doubtless we expected too much. For the past couple of years, reporters who hang around the Supreme Court's press room have been gossiping among themselves about the book that Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong were writing. It was to be a massive revelation, this book. It would do what no other book about the Court had ever done. We expected a blockbuster, and in mixed anticipation and envy we leaped upon *The Brethren* at its publication a few weeks ago.

Alas, the blockbuster carries all the explosive impact of a popgun. These are among the earthshaking disclosures: that some members of the Court are brighter than others, that some Justices think ill of other Justices, that some opinions are mediocre and other opinions are more so. This is news? The book is chiefly a keyhole compendium of snide gossip, third-hand hearsay, pop analysis, and clumsily reconstructed conversations. Yes, the authors had access to confidential papers, but the nature of the access is more dismaying than the contents of the documents. Lawyers, law professors, and Court groupies will find the work absorbing; other readers, whether they are looking for titillating scandal or penetrating insights, will find the work a bore.

I count myself among the groupies. I fell in love with the U.S. Supreme Court as a cub reporter nearly forty years ago. Hughes was then Chief Justice; he looked like God should look. Stone would replace him; he looked like the side of Mount Rushmore. From the grilled cubbyholes indifferently provided for the press, I have watched thirty members come and go—nearly a third of the 101 men who have served on the Court. Early on, I perceived what Woodward and Armstrong reveal in breathless prose: that Justices are not gods, but merely mortals—and that ours is not a government of laws, but of men.

To even the most amateur student of the Court, it will come as no surprise that the brethren bargain, bicker, and compromise. One has only to go through the dissenting opinions of any given term to comprehend that the harshest criticisms of the outside editorial writer must pale against the invective heaped by Justices upon their erring colleagues. Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite suffered the same contemptuous backbiting a century ago that Chief Justice Warren Earl Burger has endured in recent years. In the Twenties, McReynolds hated Brandeis, and Brandeis returned the favor. Still more recently, Jackson's bitter attack upon Black may be recalled.



Woodward and Armstrong regale us, down to the distasteful details, with Justice William O. Douglas's last days on the Court. Toward the end of his record-breaking tenure, Douglas was virtually *non compos*, but this was nothing unique. In their last years Grier and later Field were as pitiable. The authors paint a bleak portrait of Justice Harry Blackmun, who was at first characterized as Burger's subservient "Minnesota Twin." Their relationship followed the pattern of Bushrod Washington and John Marshall, who were "commonly estimated as one judge."

The Woodward-Armstrong book thus differs not in kind, but only in startling degree, from other histories, memoirs, and biographies. We have had leaks before—Justices Grier and Catron leaked the *Dred Scott* decision before it was announced—but the two reporters in this case benefited not merely from leaks but from floods, torrents, tidal waves of confidential material. They have publicly acknowledged their access to the private case histories and memoranda accumulated by Justice William Brennan. These documents provided the bones of fact on which the authors hung their bloated flesh of hearsay. Other written material evidently was supplied by tale-bearing clerks.

If there be scandal in *The Brethren*, this is it. Clerks are retained by members of the court under conditions of absolute confidence. Ordinarily, these young lawyers are the best and the brightest of recent graduates. Many of them, it seems apparent, learned much of law but nothing of honor. Their perfidy provides the most disturbing aspect of the book.

David Evanier *is a critic and novelist residing in New York City. . . .* **Ernest van den Haag** *is a lecturer in sociology and psychology at the New School for Social Research. . . .* **James Jackson Kilpatrick** *has frequently covered the Supreme Court for* NR *over the years.*

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As for Brennan, the senior member of the Court, I cannot say. Did he voluntarily make his papers available to the authors? If so, his gross breach of his brothers' confidence cannot possibly be condoned. If not, does Brennan know how his papers escaped his vault? Who was the principal Deep Throat of these regurgitations? No one is talking.

What is most irritating about this shallow work is the authors' omniscient perception. At random, Brennan is despondent, Brennan is saddened, Brennan is concerned. Brennan is disappointed. Brennan's clerks are equally disappointed. Stewart's clerks, for their part, are sometimes crestfallen and sometimes not entirely happy. Powell's clerks are generally pleased. At one reception, all the clerks appear "well-scrubbed and ill at ease in dinner jackets." This is history brightened by the glossy varnish of pop art, and it raises doubts about the accuracy of the supposedly factual narratives elsewhere.

Falsus in uno, the maxim goes, *falsus in omnibus*. When I read on page 364 that Lewis Powell's clerks call him "Lew," my ear detects the clunk of a lead quarter. As a schoolboy sixty years ago, Powell was "Lew" to his chums, but not in the memory of Richmonders who have known Powell most closely has anyone ever called him "Lew" since then. It is like calling me "Jim," or calling R. W. Apple Jr. of the *Times* "Ray."

SOME YEARS ago a radio comic, Baron Munchausen, made a name for himself by challenging those who doubted his tall stories. I thought of the Baron when I read a colloquy, all in direct quotes, between Blackmun and Burger.

> "What's this, Harry—a few suggested changes you'd like?"
>
> "No," Blackmun said. "It's an entirely new section which I think you should substitute for your initial draft."
>
> "Well," said the Chief, flustered, "it's too late now for such major revisions."
>
> "Would you at least please read the new draft?" Blackmun asked.
>
> Burger's eyes flashed. He turned and stormed out the door without a word.

We know that Woodward and Armstrong didn't get this from Burger, for they tell us so. It is quite simply inconceivable that they got the conversation, verbatim, from Blackmun. What we have here is recycled hearsay. From afar, I hear the mocking voice of the old Dutchman: "Vas you dere, Woodstrong?" □

Breaking Ranks: A Political Memoir
By Norman Podhoretz
Harper & Row, 375 pp., $15

BREAKING BONES

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

The subtitle, *A Political Memoir*, correctly describes the emphasis of Norman Podhoretz's new work, although it is as well a continuation of his earlier *Making It*. That book scandalized "the family" (Podhoretz's milieu) because it revealed that New York Jewish intellectuals strive for prestige, power, and money—for success—as much as other mortals do. (People do so even in socialist societies; but don't tell.) This time the Podhoretz "family" will be more upset by his political than by his psychological honesty, although the latter is prominent.

Podhoretz's brutal candor compares favorably with the maudlin haze in which Alfred Kazin, in *New York Jew*, shrouds his early days. And, unlike Kazin, Podhoretz does not caricature those who did not applaud him, or aggrandize those who did. Indeed, contrary to what early reviewers had led me to expect, there is no malice in the book, which if anything is too judicious. There are, however, some deft, even moving, portraits of semi-public figures, such as Lionel Trilling and Philip Rahv, and of lesser characters, such as the publisher Jason Epstein. But Podhoretz's main subject is the political education of Norman Podhoretz. That subject is interesting not only because Podhoretz is interesting, but because he and "the family" did gain considerable influence over the mind of our country and over its policies.

Most of the New York Jewish intellectuals were leftists; and most still are. Their families had emigrated to America because they had been mistreated and deprived of opportunity in the old country. They are not mistreated here; and they can hardly believe it; at the least, they readily identify with others they think mistreated. The parental generation often remained poor. The children went to local schools (which then were outstanding), and nostalgically continued the inherited opposition to the status quo. The intellectually inclined joined the Marxist study circle at Brooklyn College and rejected business careers. They used their education to become scientists and professionals, or critics, writers, editors, professors—*hommes de lettres*. Many were talented, often extraordinarily so. They became influential after the Second World War, when Americans, more widely educated than ever, began to pay heed to ideas and to ideologies.

In time, the more alert intellectuals became aware of what had happened to their utopia in Russia. They joined dissenting (from Communism) groups, provided they were still Left. Others remained vaguely and nostalgically Left as they became successful, or even fanatically so (to expiate their success). Some of these clever persons were so corrupted by their ideological commitments that they remained fellow-travelers (e.g., Lillian Hellman, whom Podhoretz treats with undue tenderness, or William Kunstler, whom he does not mention) even after the nature of Communism had become clear to the last village idiot. When their ideological ties finally became looser, these fellow-travelers continued to resent those who, disenthralled altogether from their former ideological commitments, had unambiguously opposed the murderous Communist regimes. Unconfronted guilt feelings caused the former supporters of the Soviet Union to resent those who had tried to open their eyes. They became anti-anti-Communists. Indeed, Sidney Hook is hated to this day by literati tardy in learning from him, or incapable. (But not by Podhoretz, who pays Hook the tribute that he so richly deserves.)

THE "God that failed" left a void. For a time, some tried to fill it by a commitment to the American status quo. *Partisan Review*, which preceded *The New York Review of Books* as the magazine of the New York literary intellectuals, published a symposium in praise of America. But the intellectuals soon felt uneasy. Bereft of their radical posture, they were at sea, and compassless. Only the rabidly stupid ones could return outright to fellow-traveling. (Even I. F.

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Stone and Lillian Hellman did not quite: he now studies Greek, while she displays furs and misinterprets the past.) The Gulag Archipelago had become too ineluctably public, obtruding itself even on the hysterically blind. How then to oppose "Amerika" without supporting the Soviet horror? Joseph McCarthy (an American fascist—ha, didn't I tell you?), the civil-rights struggle, and, finally, Vietnam helped the intellectuals to rationalize the emotional opposition their psychological bent required. Vietnam in particular helped them to describe the white race as a cancer (Susan Sontag), America as the scourge of the world (Noam Chomsky), and so on. (These persons take one another seriously.) The students, finally, allowed them to support "the movement," the counterculture, to be anti-Amerikan, without regressing to obsolete fellow-traveling.

Podhoretz candidly admits that, for a time, he fell for the latest forms of chiliasm (though never, to be sure, as hard as his then friends and later enemies). On taking over *Commentary* (which, incidentally, he made from a good magazine into an excellent one), he pushed it to the New, utopian Left. He published a slew of New Leftist essays, some interesting, some merely successful, and some neither. He thought highly of Norman O. Brown's silly, psychoanalytically dressed up millenarianism, and failed to realize (he did not want to) that Norman Mailer, for all his talent, can't think straight; or that Paul Goodman was unable to tell a good idea (he had many) from a bad one (he had many more) as long as it was his.

With his usual candor, Podhoretz lists his major mistakes. He does not quite explain what led him into them: peer pressure? Nor does he explain psychologically what caused him finally to go against the fashion: an attack of common sense? Concluding he had been wrong, he changed course—although he knew it would isolate him. Here the contrast with his *quondam* friend Jason Epstein is striking. The latter, unfortunately more typical of the New York milieu, never would sail against the wind. He uses his cleverness to be trendy, which helps to make him a successful publisher. He has merits: he co-founded *The New York Review of Books* and helped it maintain a high literary and scholarly standard. But the magazine has his flaws: it slights intellectual honesty on any social and political subject whenever it conflicts with the prevailing New York winds—which is most of the time. Trendiness is all. It gets you served at Elaine's, and embraced by aging movie stars. Podhoretz, by contrast, no longer gets invited to radical-chic parties. *Commentary* is not trendy.

American intellectuals always had plenty of endogenous guilt feelings—their major source of inspiration. *The New York Review* displays them all, and confronts none. *Commentary* has started to analyze them coolly. Anyone interested in the intellectual life, in those who live it, in the never-ending battle of fact and fashion, should read *Breaking Ranks*. □

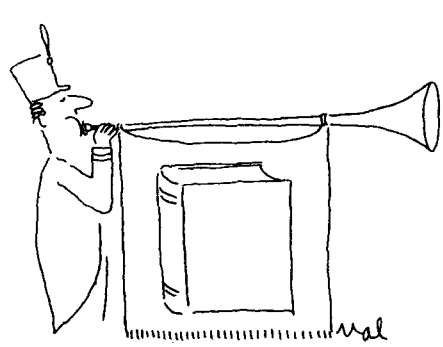
What Ever Happened to the Human Race?
By Everett Koop and Francis Schaeffer
Revell, 256 pp., $13.95

CHOOSING DEATH

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The sickness of the West is very deep. This book makes that appallingly clear. The authors—a theologian and a pediatrician—discuss three evil practices that strike at the core values of our civilization: abortion, infanticide, and euthanasia. As you read you are sickened by their convincing argument that all three are symptoms of the cheapening of life by the anti-human ideology that calls itself "humanism."

I vividly remember the Finkbine case in the early Sixties, when Sherry Finkbine, pregnant with a Thalidomide baby, elected to go to Sweden for an abortion. It caused a national uproar. A priest wrote to *Time* suggesting, "Why not wait until the baby is born, and then, if it is defective, kill it? That would be more consequential."



Today it is routine to abort healthy babies. The good priest's *reductio* has lost its force. As for defective infants, many experts now openly advocate letting them die—by starvation, if need be. The question has even arisen whether healthy babies should always be granted a right to live once they are born. Two Nobel Prize-winners, James Watson and Francis Crick, have independently suggested that no such right be assumed until a baby has reached an arbitrarily determined age: three days, say.

The authors (and Dr. Koop speaks from wide acquaintance with his profession) contend that infanticide is already widely practiced. So was abortion, long before it was respectable to argue publicly for it. And of course it takes less technical refinement to kill a child outside than inside the womb.

We have supped full with horrors, and I suppose nobody will faint at the news. A pity. But it is worth bearing in mind that evil practices outrun the reasons adduced for them. A few years ago we heard all the hard-case rationales for abortion: cases like Mrs. Finkbine's made it a necessary evil. The next thing we knew, the hard cases had multiplied to include economic difficulties. Then abortion was a matter of personal choice, neither good nor evil in itself. Finally—at least it seemed like the last stop—abortion became a positive right, in certain cases a desirable thing.

We're beyond that now. With the case for infanticide, the "reformers" have left behind the notion that only a woman's sovereignty over her own body is at stake. People want to get rid of their children; that's the long and the short of it. When moral inhibitions are removed, the helpless lose. And some doctors are equating technical expertise with the requisite moral authority to guide, or to make unilaterally, the decision whether to kill a given infant.

Religion is in decline. Humanism in various forms holds sway. Mass media can supplant tradition with fashion overnight. A new practice can become

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE FEBRUARY TITLES: *Who's on First* (Doubleday, $9.95) is Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s third Blackford Oakes spy novel. This time Blacky is caught up in the Great Space Race that began in 1957, and here, as always, he clearly displays the Right Stuff. . . . Lewis Lapham, editor of *Harper's*, has brought together a variety of essays on the American scene under the title of *Fortune's Child* (Doubleday, $14.95). Americans, he claims, have come to regard themselves as "heirs to the American fortune" and "entitled to everything." The violence of the indictment often recalls H. L. Mencken, but Lapham, unlike Mencken, is generally not amused by what he denounces. . . . Isaiah Berlin's *Against the Current* (Viking, $16.95) is a collection of essays, the third volume in a series of four. . . . Robert L. Heilbroner, in *Marxism: For and Against* (Norton, $9.95), allows as how he likes Marxism, but then again he don't. Marx gave us a wonderful thing called "socioanalysis," but he also gave us Lenin, Stalin, and Pol Pot.

Richard Polenberg's *One Nation Divisible: Class, Race, and Ethnicity in the United States since 1938* (Viking, $12.95) concludes that, despite modifications in American social patterns, class, race, and ethnicity are still important social factors. . . . *Imagining America* (Oxford, $11.95), by Peter Conrad, is a study of the reactions of English writers—Anthony and Frances Trollope, Charles Dickens, H. G. Wells, and many others—to America. His thesis is that most of these people found it necessary to imagine for themselves the United States before they could discover it. . . . Kenneth Tynan, the left-wing English social critic, has written a book called *Show People: Profiles of Entertainment* (Simon and Schuster, $11.95). Some of the constituent pieces have appeared in *The New Yorker*; prominent among the subjects are Tom Stoppard, Mel Brooks, and Johnny Carson. —CW

thinkable and then acceptable, even routine, with astonishing rapidity. Dr. Koop has been trying for years to alert us (I was incredulous at first) that pediatrics has been increasingly given over to a gentlemen's agreement that certain defective infants should be done away with.

But as the abortion issue shows, the definition of "defective" has quickly broadened to mean anything not wanted by people in a position to kill. There is the case of a young couple who asked for a pre-natal test to determine the sex of the child they were expecting: they said they feared a boy would be hemophiliac. When the test showed it was a girl, they admitted they actually wanted a boy, because they *preferred* a boy. The girl was aborted.

Most of the ostensible moral concerns, then, are rationalizations. Yet once a previously taboo practice is accepted, it can acquire new dimensions. The acceptance of eugenic tampering has led at least one doctor (a woman) to call for mandatory sterilization of all people who have had two children. If they manage to have a third, that third child should be sterilized.

The idealistic blueprints don't work out. Legal abortion was supposed to eliminate illegal abortion. But illegal abortion has increased. Legal abortion was supposed to lessen the child abuse resulting from unwanted children; but the reported incidence of child abuse has soared. Schaeffer and Koop theorize that the lessened value of a child's life has invited many parents to think, perversely, that since they were kind enough not to kill the child before birth, they can't be blamed too much for severity to it afterward. (You're lucky to be alive at all, you brat.)

Euthanasia for old folks follows a similar course. Once it is allowed as the subject's option, pressure will mount for its exercise, until the subject himself may no longer be the one to make the choice. The act of institutionalizing euthanasia may seem, at first, to be what it claims to be: a simple expansion of personal freedom. But selfish people won't be slow to make the deeper inference implicit in it—that life isn't very valuable. Abortion and infanticide will already have provided precedents for some people deciding on behalf of others. If people shouldn't be burdened with unwanted children, why with unwanted parents? And once the family structure has been gutted, why not let state experts handle things rationally?

The authors point back to genocide as an application of the notion that some people have the right to pronounce on the humanity of others. In my judgment they might point ahead to it as well. Of course it's unfashionable now. But given the moral fluidity of the modern situation, I see no reason why it shouldn't make a comeback. The actual exercise of new prerogatives seldom remains with the people it was intended for; the vulgarians almost always wind up taking it over. Socialism, as Hayek long ago argued, tends to terminate in rule by thugs, who have a way of displacing the refined experts.

What Ever Happened to the Human Race? is, literally, evangelical. Its second half offers Protestant Christianity as the solution to the moral breakdown. As far as it goes, it's a good prima facie argument. It suggests, along the lines followed earlier by C. S. Lewis (and many others), that scientism itself is an artificial mode of consciousness, and that a full response to man's existence inevitably turns to God, not man, as the measure of all things, and specifically to Christ as the revelation of God. At this point the book appeals directly to personal response; a reviewer's judgment is of little value. But the first half, at any rate, will leave few readers unshaken: the authors see too clearly what is really happening, as opposed to what the "reformers" say is happening. One wonders how a West so decadent can plausibly stand up to any external foe. □

SWELL LETTERS

When Memory Comes
By Saul Friedländer
Farrar, 186 pp., $9.95

THE LITTLE ONE

DAVID EVANIER

In *When Memory Comes*, Saul Friedländer, an Israeli historian and political scientist, intersperses a diary of life in present-day Israel with the real core of his book: an account of his childhood as a Jewish orphan in occupied France—much of it spent in a French Catholic school which hides his identity to save his life. His story is riddled with paradoxes, with questions that have no answers, and perhaps for that reason has a unique contemporaneity among recent Holocaust books. There are five name-changes (Pavel, Paul, Paul-Henri, Shaul, Saul), which contribute to a lifelong

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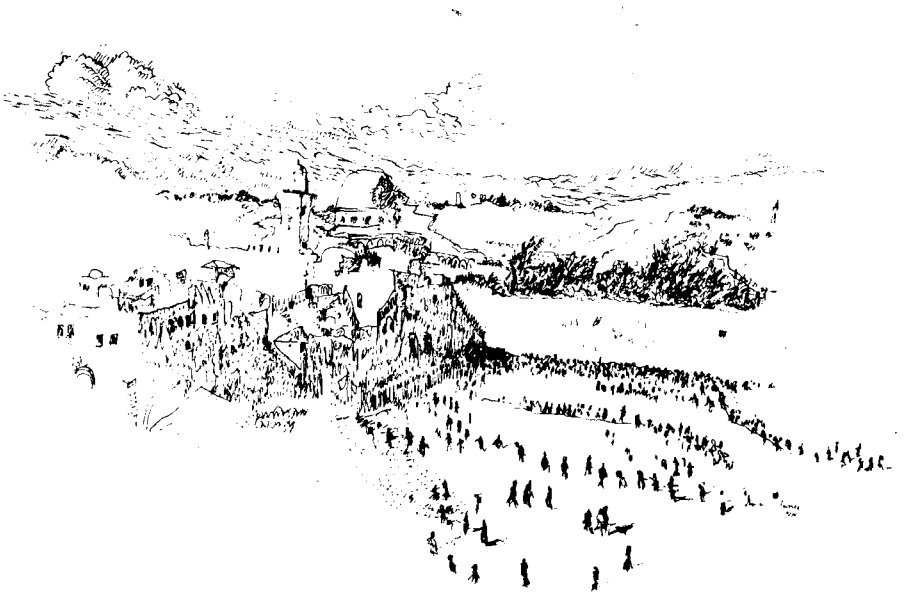
alienation and rootlessness; an intense Catholic education coupled with a dim awareness that he had been Jewish; the murder of his parents in Auschwitz, unknown to him (he felt only abandonment and confusion); and a feeling of strangeness among traditional Jews, owing to his assimilated family's having observed no Jewish customs whatsoever. Early in the book he is placed in a Jewish boarding school in France. He is attacked by the other students for being "different":

> I was a non-Jew, a *goy*. . . . I was tied to a tree and beaten. . . . A sunny day, flowerbeds, mown lawns. Beaten by Jewish children because they thought I was different from them. So I belonged nowhere. . . . I screamed in terror and knocked my head against the tree trunk.

Finally, here is a little boy suffering the most intense feelings of isolation, confusion, abandonment, and sorrow—being moved about and jolted from place to place—without even knowing of the camps or the fate of his parents until the war is over. At first, in Prague with his parents, he feels the general anxiety and unease. Soon his parents flee Prague and the affluent, idyllic home and existence they had there, and take him to Hungary—where the Nazis have already arrived. They escape back to Prague, then to Paris, and then, when the Nazis occupy Paris, southward to Néris-les-Bains.



When the roundup of Jews begins, his parents in desperation place him in a Catholic school. He runs away, back to his parents, and weeps in their arms. He clings to the bars of the bed. At the end of the day they must take him back to the school. There he is baptized Paul-Henri Ferland. Feeling totally abandoned, he tries to commit suicide.

Only after the war does he learn from their letters that his parents were not abandoning him but, on the contrary, striving desperately to save his life. A priest asks the young Ferland, who by now ardently wants to be a priest, "Didn't your parents die at Auschwitz?"

> What did this name mean? Where was Auschwitz? . . . to me, the death of my parents was enveloped in vague images, indistinct circumstances. . . . I listened: Auschwitz, the trains, the gas chambers, the crematory ovens, the millions of dead . . .

> For the first time, I felt myself to be Jewish—no longer despite myself or secretly, but through a sensation of absolute loyalty. It is true that I knew nothing of Judaism and was still a Catholic. But something had changed . . . in some manner or other I was Jewish– whatever this term meant in my mind.
>
> The attitude of Father L. himself profoundly influenced me: to hear him speak of the lot of the Jews with so much emotion and respect must have been an important encouragement for me. He did not press me to choose one path or the other—and perhaps he would have preferred to see me remain Catholic—but his sense of justice (or was it a profound charity?) led him to recognize my right to judge for myself, by helping me to renew the contact with my past.

He embraces the religion that was peripherally held by his father, and also becomes a dedicated Zionist for a time. The paradoxes, however, continue to dog him. As he is courageously sailing for Palestine (falsifying his age) to volunteer to fight in the war for independence, his ship, part of an Irgun contingent (the wing of Zionism led by Menahem Begin), will be attacked by Israeli soldiers under orders from David Ben-Gurion. Twenty men, including American and British non-Jewish volunteers, will be killed.

Near the book's close, Friedländer's reflections on Judaism center on this thought:

> Abraham's obedience explains our entire history. Today most Jews no longer obey God's injunctions, yet they still obey the call of some mysterious destiny. Why this fidelity? In the name of what?

He questions, as well, Israeli "intransigence," the state's attitude toward Palestinians and desire for territorial security. Yet his affirmations outweigh his doubts.

His parents' letters, which Friedländer discovered after the war, wrenchingly characterize them, both for the author (to whom his father had been a remote figure) and for the reader. I will not forget their last letter, addressed to the woman they are entrusting their child's fate to; as they were being deported, they threw it from the train window to one of the Quakers who waited at the stations:

> Madame, I am writing you this in the train that is taking us to Germany. At the last moment, I sent you, through a representative of the Quakers, 6,000 francs, a charm bracelet, and through a lady a folder with stamps in it. Keep all of this for the little one, and accept, for the last time, our infinite thanks and our warmest wishes for you and your whole family. Don't abandon the little one! May God repay you and bless you and your whole family. Elli and Jan Friedländer.

The most powerful sequence in the book is an experience in Switzerland in 1956 which serves to unlock the author's memories of his own childhood and past. Friedländer visits an institution for mentally ill children, and, for him, their "powerlessness . . . became, confusedly at first and then clearly, an obsessive symbol." He accompanies a boy, Arne, who is unable to speak coherently, on a walk. The boy walks far ahead. A gang of youngsters gets out of control, races after the boy, and tor-

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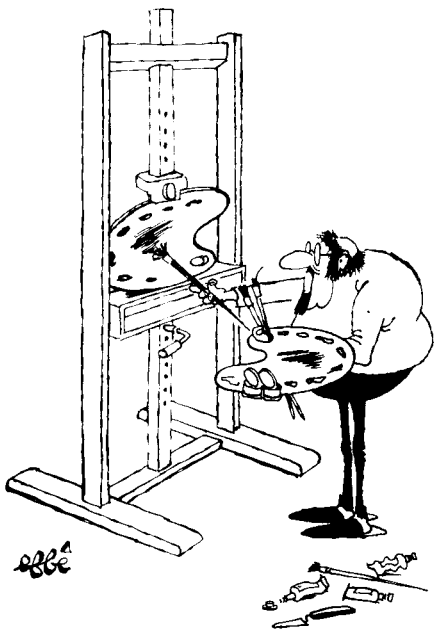
ments him with insults while he lies in the snow. Turning his fury against himself, Arne rolls in the snow,

> the whites of his eyes showing, foaming at the mouth, trying to tear his clothes off. I could only hold him by the shoulders as best I could and try to calm him by talking. . . . [Arne] suddenly sat down, and raised his head to me. Everything that was locked inside Arne's head, everything that he was never to express, all his howling, dumb suffering, was there on the contorted face covered with tears, mucus, slaver, and melted snow. Arne blinked his eyes, trying to tell me everything, but how could he do it? "Herr Friedländer," he burst out, "Herr Friedländer!" and could say no more.

Friedländer's method—setting the diary of modern Israel against the tragic events of his childhood told out of chronological sequence—has a jarring, jutting effect, undercutting emotion and cohesion. Yet the final effect is that of a composite, of a mosaic that emerges whole. He is insisting that

> what was missing . . . was a certain ability to identify. The veil between events and me had not been rent. I had lived on the edges of the catastrophe; a distance—impassable, perhaps separated me from those who had been directly caught up in the tide of events, and, despite all my efforts, I remained, in my own eyes, not so much a victim as a spectator. I was destined, therefore, to wander among several worlds, knowing them, understanding them—better, perhaps, than many others—but nonetheless incapable of feeling an identification without any reticence, incapable of seeing, understanding, and belonging in a single, immediate, total movement . . .



This reads in some ways like a self-indictment, but it may be in fact the quality that endows this work with its singularity. It has the artist's constant ambiguity, rootlessness, complexity, and awareness of changing reality. Its fidelity is to truth, and its vision is a profoundly religious one. It is an act of love from "the little one" for his parents—and for what would have been their safe harbor: Israel. □

FICTION

The Pornographer
By John McGahern
Harper & Row, 252 pp., $10

PRIVATE PARTS

D. KEITH MANO

"My characters were not even people. They were athletes. I did not even give them names. Maloney, who was paying me to write, effectively named them." The protagonist, a young and shiftless pornographer, is speaking here. Maloney will not name him. He is called I: only that. Let me, for convenience, dub him P.

The Pornographer executes a kind of literary rack fade, to speak in chic cinematic jargon. That is: camera or narrative will blur foreground action to stare with simplifying bright focus at smaller peripheral figures beyond. In this, John McGahern has made a perceptive comment on the game of fiction. Major characters—P; P's moribund aunt; his uncle—are too intricate and organic for high-resolution camera technique: too intricate even for the most rudimentary descriptive adjective, a name. They change; they self-contradict; they do; they are. Cameo-part actors, however, will be summarized (and limited) by precise designation. Particularly the narrative-within-narrative dramatis personae: Colonel Grimshaw and Mavis Carmichael, who people P's pornographic writing. It is so with X-rated film, another merely athletic exercise: character and feeling don't count, a name or a football uniform number would do just fine.

And here I have to explain McGahern's comprehensive definition of porn. "Above all," Maloney (a pragmatist Al Goldstein think-alike and, you note, *named*) will tell P, ". . . imagination requires distance." By this wide standard porn is the setting down of any human event or consonance (not just some sexual act) with such explicitness, such dispassionate and distant objective reportage, that it must relinquish all emotion, ambivalence, magic. Our identities are our most private parts: when they have been made trite and overspecific, they approximate the obscene. Art, so, is always in danger of becoming pornographic.

Yet life wants to be definitive and shapely: to be hardened, fresco-like. Life is an artist manqué. P senses this reflex of human insecurity; it will make him uncomfortable and pessimistic. The Shannon River at twilight can stimulate for one moment, but, "There had been so many interpretations of beauty as such an evening and scene that it had grown abstract and unreal." P is dismayed, bored: present events do not entice him. "In both the apprehension and the memory it [existence] was doomed to live far more vividly than in the taking place." His own life is anomic, selfish: dull casualness will allow him to impregnate a woman he has no affection for. The woman is named (just once in 252 pages) Josephine. That naming by itself can register his contempt: not because she is undeserving—because she has no autonomy left. Once named, the way Mavis Carmichael was named, she is his creation. Josephine—or more precisely, Josephine-in-love-with-me.

At one point Maloney will read P's latest Mavis-and-the-Colonel episode. P can think it "a chastening sight to watch somebody totally absorbed in a world you yourself have made." (Just so, he has made dreadful worlds enough for poor baby-laden Josephine.) As Stephen Marcus once suggested, porn is a form of romance: albeit tawdry romance. It must occur in an enchanted noplace, where there is neither death nor conscience—and, most of all, where there is never exhaustion. Where all men are eternally potent. So P will perform the ultimate cleansing act for himself: he will insert that special moment of Josephine's impregnation, word by word, move by move, into his Mavis-

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and-the-Colonel romance. He is named at last. A false name, of course: nonetheless, at some distance, with some objectivity, he has authored himself. Under, in both senses, a pseudonym.

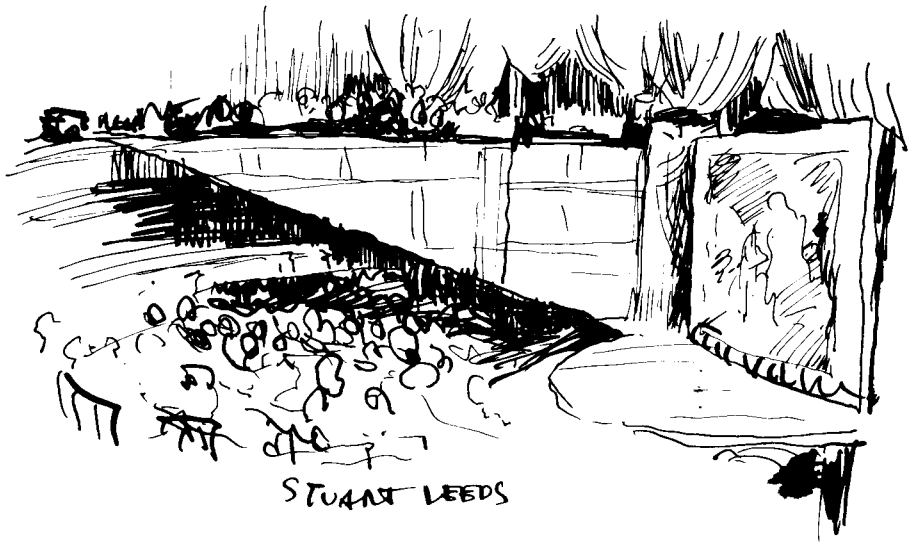
Yet redemption is implicit: in the robust, clean imagery that P (and McGahern) find congenial. Style is optimistic: precise, modest: even chaste. His wonderful and nameless uncle has "the rude health of a tree full of crows." That metaphor is natural and pure: it would seem to derive straight from Irish idiom rather than from studied effort. "A car with a school of motoring sign went slowly past, a young woman tensely upright at the wheel, the instructor slumped by her side." Just circumstantial evidence, you might think. Yet a trenchant emblem for the emotional state of Josephine and P. McGahern writes with healing grace: he is easy and brilliant. A rare example of salvation by prose style.

And P will be redeemed (though not, that we can see, hapless Josephine). ". . . by thinking one thing was worth doing as any . . . I had . . . let the light of imagination almost out." Person, no more than artist, must select: and make tabernacles to each present moment. (For one, P will marry a young woman who is yet nameless.) Select: not in any irresponsible or narcissistic way– life shouldn't be overwritten —but as a fine artist would, by keeping mystery alive while asserting the discriminate self. As John McGahern, that fine artist, would. □

FILM

BENTON VERSUS THE TRUTH

JOHN SIMON



Awards and accolades have begun to pour on Robert Benton's *Kramer vs. Kramer*, which, with *Breaking Away* and *The Onion Field*, is one of the best American movies of the past year, though that is only knee-high praise. It is a film in which noteworthy acting, direction, and cinematography collude to make us—some of us—overlook the flimsiness of the writing. Based on a novel of some years ago by Avery Corman, Benton's screenplay is a superior tear-jerker about the fight of divorced parents over their golden little boy. The theme is legitimate and adult—with minor differences, it served well in *Medea* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; what makes it soap, or chopped-onion, opera here is the distance from Euripides and Shakespeare to Corman and Benton.

Though I haven't read Corman's novel, I gather that it is more satirical and wry than the largely sentimental film. It may be from the novel, however, that the movie inadvertently takes over its most glaring factual error: Ted Kramer, the rising Mad-Ave account executive who won't let his wife, Joanna, work, makes $32,000 or $33,000 (I forget which) a year, on which his family, including six-year-old Billy, lives in high style high up on the Upper East Side. When Ted, in desperate straits, must take a lower-paying job at $28,000 or so, he can still pay his lawyer $15,000 in a custody suit. Corman's antiquated figures are ridiculous in Benton's inflationary world.

This may seem unimportant, yet it is just such inattention to detail that can hurt a film that revels in the authenticity of observed minutiae. (Indeed, the film is behind the times in more important matters as well, such as the handling of child-custody cases. The bias in favor of the mother is no longer automatic, as the film assumes, and no present-day court, at least not in an urban center like New York, would fail to talk to the child and try to discover his wishes in the matter.) Benton may have retained the faulty figures for sentimental, popularity-getting reasons: to retain the unenvious good will of lower-income-bracket audiences. But a lie is a lie and makes us lose confidence—add also the fact that Billy goes to PS 6, whereas everything else about the Kramer style of living points to a private school. Benton recently told Andrew Sarris that he did shoot the scenes in which Ted interviews a spectrum of candidates for the job of housekeeper, but that the ethnic humor *on screen* came out nasty and patronizing, and had to be cut. Well, that is how soap operas are made: by omitting any details that might give offense to anybody. So you end up with the absurdity of a mother who has flown the coop, a father who puts in extra-long hours at the ad agency, and a six-year-old who presumably walks himself home from school and takes care of himself for several hours thereafter.

Ah, yes, the story. Ted Kramer comes home exulting over "one of the five best days" of his life: his boss has put him in charge of a major new account with a vice presidency attached to it; at that very moment Joanna declares that she is leaving him. Eight years of marriage to an overbearing egocentric are enough; because he has even squelched her professional development, she feels obliged to abandon their son to him, as better able to provide for the child. Ted is faced with explaining her departure to Billy, and the almost superhuman task of Stakhanovite work on the new account along with the endless, often infuriating, demands of child care. Obviously Benton avoided filming the ear-

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lier parts of the novel because showing Ted's evolution from driven egocentric to paragon of combined parenthood would have placed a similarly huge burden on the writer-director.

Remarkable as Ted is, he makes his heartless boss, O'Connor, feel that he is placing paternity above publicity. Billy, at first highly critical of his father's (often genuinely amusing) attempts at being an all-around parent, gradually educates Ted into model parenthood. Now father and son enjoy home life even more, until, 18 months having passed, Joanna reappears, and O'Connor fires Ted. Joanna now has improbably gainful employment and a dazzlingly restored self-confidence, both acquired in California, where such things are indigenous. She wants her son back, and the eponymous law-suit *Kramer* vs. *Kramer*, begins. The movie charges ahead open throttle and tear ducts, into fierce courtroom drama, with warring but fundamentally decent parents and a suffering but brave kid. Everybody makes sacrifices, flowers of nobility sprout from harsh urban asphalt—and I haven't even told you yet how noble Margaret Phelps, the Kramers' neighbor and friend, is. Abandoned by her own husband, the faithful Margaret becomes Joanna's best pal and defender; still, after watching Billy thrive under Ted's growing solicitousness and wisdom, she becomes Ted's champion and witness in court. And although she and Ted could eminently comfort each other sexually, too, they do no such thing, noble souls that they are.

SPEAKING of sex, how does Ted fill that vacuum in his life? Once, only once, he brings home Phyllis, a fetching colleague from the agency; when the naked young woman gets up in the middle of the night to go to the toilet, she, sure enough, collides with Billy, on the same errand. Sophisticated Phyllis gets all flustered, improvising a bra and fig leaf with her arms, and making awkward small-tot-talk. Although the contretemps ends happily, Ted, it seems, never brings a woman home with him again.

It is painfully evident that Benton is hell-bent on not offending anyone. I get the distinct impression that Joanna's mean lawyer, playing dirty courtroom pool, is carefully counterweighted with Ted's tough but essentially honest one; that the heartless O'Connor is counterbalanced by the brass at the other agency, who, in the midst of a hectic Christmas party and the rush to catch vacation-bound planes, still manage to give Ted a much-needed job. Above all, Joanna's character—and Ted's treatment of his wife—are minutely calculated not to offend either feminists or patriarchalists in any more than momentary way. Art must take the measure of man and woman—but with vision, not with calipers.

What, then, makes *Kramer vs. Kramer* still eminently worth seeing? First, Benton's direction, which is as solid as his writing and thinking are unreliable. Well beyond his work on *Bad Company* and *The Late Show*, Benton displays a true sense of pacing, framing, of camera placement and movement as well as of working with actors and allowing them—especially young Justin Henry—to feel their way into a scene. An occasional fault in continuity—a meeting agreed upon at the Central Park Boat Pond that actually takes place on the Mall—hardly matters. The performances of Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and that extraordinary youngster, Justin Henry, are flawless; in supporting roles, there is exceptional work from, among others, Jane Alexander, who, as always, radiates an understated or even wordless eloquence of the heart; and George Coe, who infuses just enough humanity into O'Connor to make him a believable, almost pitiable, monster—which cannot be said for Bill Moor as Joanna's attorney.

Finally, there is Nestor Almendros's cinematographic palette, supremely sensitive to nuances of light and color, yet remaining unpretentious—note especially the goodnight scene in Billy's semi-darkened room. Thanks are due also to intelligently used music both old and new, well scouted locations, and a canny eye for details of production design and set decoration. Go, enjoy, and weep—both for the true pathos and for the missed truths.

Mark Rydell's *The Rose*, a fiction closely resembling a biography of Janis Joplin, is worth attending. Though laden with clichés of the backstage-romance genre, it is also an entertaining and sometimes illusion-piercing account of the life, tribulations, and death of an idol whose vitality, indomitableness, and humor triumph over a mediocre talent and worse countenance. With disarming pungency and flamboyant frumpishness, Bette Midler manages to make the messy career and drug-induced death of Rose the rock star into something funny and touching as well as absurd and appalling; she gets first-rate support from Frederic Forrest as her supremely devoted but finally defeated swain. Though the film falls short of the shrewdest observations on success without foundation, celebrity without sobriety, it does make us partake of the coruscation and doom of a human meteor. □

DELECTATIONS

ITALIAN RED

NIKA HAZELTON

Now that French wines are so very expensive, it is worth investigating the excellent values found in Italian reds. Let me tell you about some of the lesser-known ones, such as the wines from the Valtellina in the northeast corner of Lombardy.

The Valtellina is a steep, narrow pass leading into Switzerland; it is 2,500 feet above sea level, with almost perpendicular slopes covered with terraced vineyards. Here the Nebbiolo grape, which is Italy's finest red grape, produces lively dry red wines for delicious daily drinking; they are flavorful, and not heavy. The wines are named for the subdistricts they come from, such as Sassella, Grumello, Valgella, and Inferno, and they are cousins in flavor. The producers to look for are Nino Negri, Pelizzatti, Rainoldi, and Polatti. Their wines sell for less than $5 if young (although the price of Italian wines, like everything else, is inflating rapidly), and somewhat over $5 for older vintages. All of them profit from aging.

There is an excellent generic Valtellina wine, a superior buy at about $5 for almost two quarts (for the 1975 or 1976 vintage). Nino Negri, a very good producer, makes a wine called Sfursat which is worth looking for. Sfursat is a very big wine, made from grapes picked

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during the normal harvest but left to dry until January or February; it is aged for at least three years, including two years in the cask. A 1973 Sfursat is going for $7.49 at Ferrara, a New York store specializing in Italian wines. Nino Negri also makes Castel Chiuro Riserva, from specially selected grapes; it costs around $6 or less, depending on the vintage.

Italy's greatest reds, again from the Nebbiolo grape, come from Piedmont—Barolo, Barbaresco, Gattinara, Spanna. Barolo is the most majestic of these big, full-bodied wines, all of which require considerable aging. Superior Barolo, comparable to superior Rhône wines, can be had for well under $10, and it is possible to find vintages from the Fifties and early Sixties for $20 or less. Values to look for come from Calissano, Giri, and Kiola (less than $7 for the 1970 and 1971 vintages). Barbaresco, Gattinara, and Spanna fetch similar prices; the producers to look for are Calissano, Borgogno, and Fontanafredda for Barbaresco; Brugo and Antoniolo for Gattinara (this one is not always easy to find); and Vallano Campi Raudii for Spanna. I also recommend looking for other producers of these wines, but I warn of bottles in the $3 range.

SPEAKING of vintages, it should be remembered that they do matter, especially in northern Italy. Since Italian DOC (*Denominazione di Origine Controllata*) laws specify these wines must be properly aged before they are sold—wines labeled *riserva* have to age even longer—and since the big Italian reds are made differently from the big French reds, Italian red wines are generally ready to drink when bought. But it is possible to have disappointing experiences with older Italian reds from reputable producers, caused, I am sure, by improper transportation and storage—the treatment of wine before it reaches the consumer being a subject that makes angels weep.

Other wines worth discovering: Dolcetto Luigi Einaudi is, in spite of its name, a dry wine which should be drunk young; it retails for under $4. Livio Felluga from Friuli, the northeastern corner of Venice province, makes a very nice Merlot for about $4 and a Cabernet Franc (which I highly fancy) for under $5. Another good wine for everyday drinking is the Castel Thaulero from the Abruzzi, less than $6 for a fifty-ounce bottle.

There are two kinds of Chianti—the non-vintage, non-*classico*, which is meant to be drunk when young and fruity, and the *classico*—from a specified zone in Tuscany, west and south of Florence—which is aged. Chianti Classico also comes as *riserva*, which is aged longer; all this, as well as the way Chianti is made, is specified by law. Chianti is well-known and widely distributed in the United States, and since the producers are numerous I will limit myself to a few favorites, and just mention that Chianti Classico, even *riserva*, should be drunk between seven and ten years of age.

Chianti Gabbiano, at around $4, is an excellent buy: a flavorful, somewhat tannic wine. Chianti Castello di Fonterutoli, at about the same price, and Castello di Querceto, are both pleasant wines; I am now talking of the 1975s. The Ruffino Riserva Ducale 1974, at around $7, is excellent, as is the 1970 Marchese Antinori for around $8. By the way, all the wines made by Antinori have great style. Tuscany also offers the Vino Nobile di Montepulciano, a dry, slightly tannic wine with a fine bouquet and taste. Fassati and Fattoria di Gracciano are excellent producers of this DOC wine, which retails for about $5 to $10, depending on age; I just bought a 1973 Fassati for $5 or so.

Obviously, none of these wines is cheap-cheap. But all of them, compared to most similarly priced French wines, offer fine drinking and value. Two useful booklets on Italian wines are available free of charge from the Italian Wine Promotion Center, One World Trade Center, Suite 2057, New York, New York 10048. *The Italian Wine Guide* provides facts about Italian wine laws, names, and regions. *Let's Throw an Italian Wine Tasting* is a good primer on buying the wines and setting up the party. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SWOOP! AND OTHER STORIES, *by P. G. Wodehouse, edited by David A. Jasen (Seabury, 205 pp., $9.95).* For those who like British schoolboy humor—that exquisite blend of precocious solemnity and absolute wicked childishness—the stories that P. G. Wodehouse wrote before the First World War are simply tops. Decades before he created the characters on whom his real fame rests (Lord Emsworth, or Bertie & Jeeves, or Uncle Fred, Lord Ickenham), Wodehouse was spinning marvelous tales of how Dunstable and Linton saved the sleepy English town of Wrykyn from the hot-eyed invading Yanks; how Clephane and Mansfield, erratic but serious cricketers, managed, with the timely aid of a bad rabbit pie, to carry the worst cricket eleven in history to a School cup; and how the unscrupulous Frederick Wackerbath Bradshaw got his comeuppance and gave it to others. Clarence Chugwater, the Boy Scout Who Saved England, is of a different world from these public-school boys. His story, "The Swoop!," is unmistakably satire, and yet satire that dares the reader to try to find a serious moral in it. Written in 1909, it chronicles the simultaneous invasion of England by nine separate armies (the leader of one of which, the Mad Mullah, has a distinct relevance to our present situation), and the thwarting of this invasion by the Boy Scouts; it is like nothing else that I know of in British humor, with the partial exception of Flanders and Swann. *The Swoop! and Other Stories* is the second volume of early Wodehouse that David Jasen has put together, and it makes one glad that these works had been out of print for over six decades, so that now, after the Master's death, we still have the pleasure of reading new books for the first time—a very different pleasure from that of re-reading a Wodehouse novel for the twentieth time. LINDA BRIDGES

THE YEAR OF THE FRENCH, *by Thomas Flanagan (Holt, Rinehart, 516 pp., $12.95).* In Thomas Flanagan's superb historical novel about the ill-fated uprising of the United Irishmen against British rule

(Continues on page 173)

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IF THE 1970s were not particularly memorable in other respects, they did have the honor of being the nation's bicentennial decade, and thus gave rise to numerous celebrations of our origins.

Among the better recent offerings in this vein is Virginia Moore's *The Madisons* (McGraw-Hill, $15), a well-researched and lucidly rendered joint biography of America's fourth President and his indomitable lady. Mrs. Moore has given us a lively, romantic, and yet instructive look at one of our nation's most important, but least appreciated, founders.

The author is a Madison buff, and tends to put the best face possible on some of his administrative failings in the White House. But in other respects her enthusiasm for her subject provides a needed corrective to years of condescension and neglect. Madison and John Adams were the great philosophers of our constitutional system, and in this regard deserve a greater share of our attention than some of their more dashing colleagues.

While Mrs. Moore ranges in entertaining fashion through the whole of Madison's career, two points in particular deserve a special mention. The first is her recurring emphasis on Madison's role as spokesman for constitutional balance, as a necessary restraint on the potential evils of men equipped with governing power. The need for limits, checks, and equilibrations was noted by many statesmen of the era, but few understood the subject so well as Madison, and no one grasped more firmly the relevance of such notions to the federal nature of the American political system.

Second, Mrs. Moore provides convincing evidence against the idea that Madison was a species of Deist or unbeliever, and that he somehow threaded such notions into the Constitution through his sponsorship, in the original Congress, of what was to become the First Amendment. He was, the author argues, a Trinitarian Christian, schooled by the Calvinist John Witherspoon at Princeton, and a devout Episcopalian all his life. Her arguments on this score, based on a thorough canvass of both the Madisons' correspondence, provide a handy refutation of the view that the Constitution and Bill of Rights were manifestations of Enlightenment skepticism.

Madison also figures largely in Forrest McDonald's *E Pluribus Unum*, first published by Houghton Mifflin in the 1960s and now reprinted by Liberty Press (7440 North Shadeland, Indianapolis, Ind. 46250; $8). This is a spirited, knowledgeable reconstruction of the events that led to adoption of the Constitution, seen from the standpoint of the Federalist interest. In McDonald's view, the fundamental issue of the era was whether there would be a United States at all, and his heroes are those who, for whatever reason, saw the necessity of melding the disparate former colonies into a single nation.

MCDONALD FIRST came to prominence as a debunker of Charles Beard; in the present volume, he stands Beard's economic conspiracy thesis on its head. In fact, McDonald says, public creditors were poorly represented in the constitutional convention, and the real effect of creating a national government was to shift the tax burden from land to business.

The most critical division in the convention, McDonald tells us, was not "large" *versus* "small" states, but rather states with actual or potential landholdings to the West *versus* those without such holdings. The crucial compromise on Senate representation, he contends, was a backstage deal between Connecticut and South Carolina, trading protection of the former's land interests for a go-slow national attitude on the issue of slavery.

Like everything else Professor McDonald has given us, this book is challenging, iconoclastic, and brilliantly argued. It is good to have a new edition in general circulation. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Eric] Hoffer

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 170)

in 1798, there are more than enough patriots and martyrs, but Flanagan gives us little to celebrate in their triumphs and defeats—his being one of the few works on Ireland's past that do not add fuel to the current fire in the North. Spurred by pub poets and half-mad wandering prophets crying out for the return of the victorious Gael, urged by leaders full of the rhetoric of the French Revolution and driven by hatred for their oppressors (the British and their Irish agents), a ragtag army of peasants joins forces with a thousand French soldiers and attempts to march romantically and triumphantly across the breadth of Ireland. A second army of 15,000 Frenchmen is promised, and a popular uprising throughout the country is expected. Neither materializes. Two small victories are all the Irish/French army can muster before the rebellion comes to a bloody halt with their defeat by the British army under Cornwallis. Rebel corpses are littered around the countryside or left to hang rotting from gallows in city centers. Flanagan effects a sense of authenticity throughout the novel by choosing for his narrative a series of dialogue-filled journals (fictional) kept by participants and observers of the uprising. The records are intimate with detail—humanizing the characters and the rebellion so that we are even more horrified when those we have known are killed or brutalized. What has it all meant? "Poetry," the widow of a dead rebel leader says. "Tragedy," is the conclusion of a Protestant minister. Flanagan remains conspicuously neutral, though one suspects he is sympathetic to the rebel cause—but not to the ill-conceived, ill-timed rebellion. Folly, no matter the cause, is not what myths are made of. THOMAS BRIDGES

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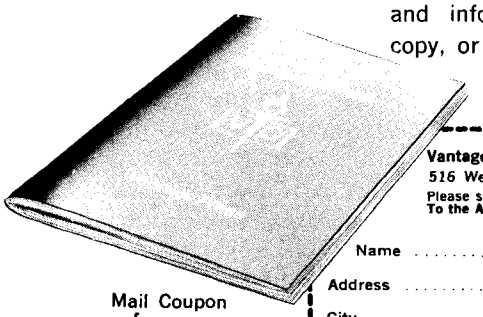

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STILLMAN

(Continued from page 159)

spirit of the Old overwhelming that of the intrusive New. For certainly the character of the Soviet state built by Stalin reflected, even more than Lenin's construction, the traditions of the Byzantine-Mongol past.

The relevance of these historical observations to the question of the persistent shoddiness and awkwardness of Soviet life is the following: The traditional culture of Russia is ill-adapted to producing self-sustaining technical innovation and material improvements. Whatever the native genius of Russian culture may be, and it is considerable, its traditional strengths do not seem to lie in technology and production, for most of the arts, crafts, and sciences practiced in Russia before the Revolution were the handiwork either of foreigners or of the half-Europeanized middle-class intelligentsia. They were the product of populations and social groups which simply do not exist in post-Revolutionary Russia.

One of the great tragedies evident since the Khrushchev Thaw is the meagerness of the intellectual product. Evidently it is not easy to reconstitute the traditions of the old intelligentsia, even though as we have seen they were the ones who made the Revolution. It is as if the inmates of an orphanage, led by the 14-year-olds, had risen in revolt against the hated administration of heartless adults. But the fate of the 14-year-olds was to come before the firing-squad themselves. Thus the rulers of the Soviet Union today are the six- and eight-year-olds grown elderly. They do not even remember how to use a knife and fork.

Russia is a land of becomings. But after so many decades and centuries, a certain skepticism is in order about what it will become and when. For 1917 was a long time ago. To say, for example, that Russians are richer or better fed or better clothed today than they were in 1900 is to beg the question. There is hardly any human group in the world that does not live better now than in 1900. In 1900 the Japanese lived in matchbox houses and made do with a meager diet of rice. No Oriental had won the Nobel Prize—or won a war against the West. Since Lenin began his great experiment 62 years ago, country after country, once retarded, has come on-stream, adapting with greater or lesser success to the demands of modernization. Of the new producing-states of East Asia—South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, to say nothing of Japan, itself not so long ago an underdeveloped non-Western society—there is not one whose products do not hopelessly outclass in quality those of Soviet manufacture.

Even in the military realm, though it is not fashionable to say so, lest we encourage NATO complacency, the quality of the USSR's products is often poor: its nuclear submarines clank, its vaunted aircraft carrier *Kiev* languishes much of the time in port, its jump-jets do not jump, its Concordskys fall down. There is simply no comparison, in technical terms, with the ensemble of the non-Russian world. Even if the odd comparison—say, Moscow's subway system *versus* New York's—seems favorable to the Russians, what about Montreal's Métro, or the Paris RER? What seems to be at work in Russia, producing the persistent shoddiness of Soviet life, is what can only be called a cultural-rejection phenomenon.

A few years ago the existence of such a phenomenon might have been doubted, but the rise of Islamic conservatism in Iran, Libya, and Turkey, for example, has alerted us to how real such movements can be. In the Iranian case it is a movement which is now at flashpoint; in the Russian case, a persistent inability to match the applied technology and creature comforts of the West may be seen as a lower-key expression of the same rejection.

The final word can rest with Custine, when he observes sadly: "Even if the Russians have *things* which one calls cities and houses, it is not because they themselves feel the necessity for them. It is because someone has told them that they must have them, or rather submit to them, in order to march in the front ranks with the old races of the civilized West. It is above all because . . . these poor exotic birds, caged by a European civilization which they can neither cease to hate nor fully mimic, are the victims of a mania, or, to put it better, of a profound and calculated ambition of the Czars, those would-be conquerors of the world to come, who know that long before they can subjugate us, they must imitate us."

No doubt technology is inevitably drawing the world together, but in the case of Russia it may take a long, long time. □

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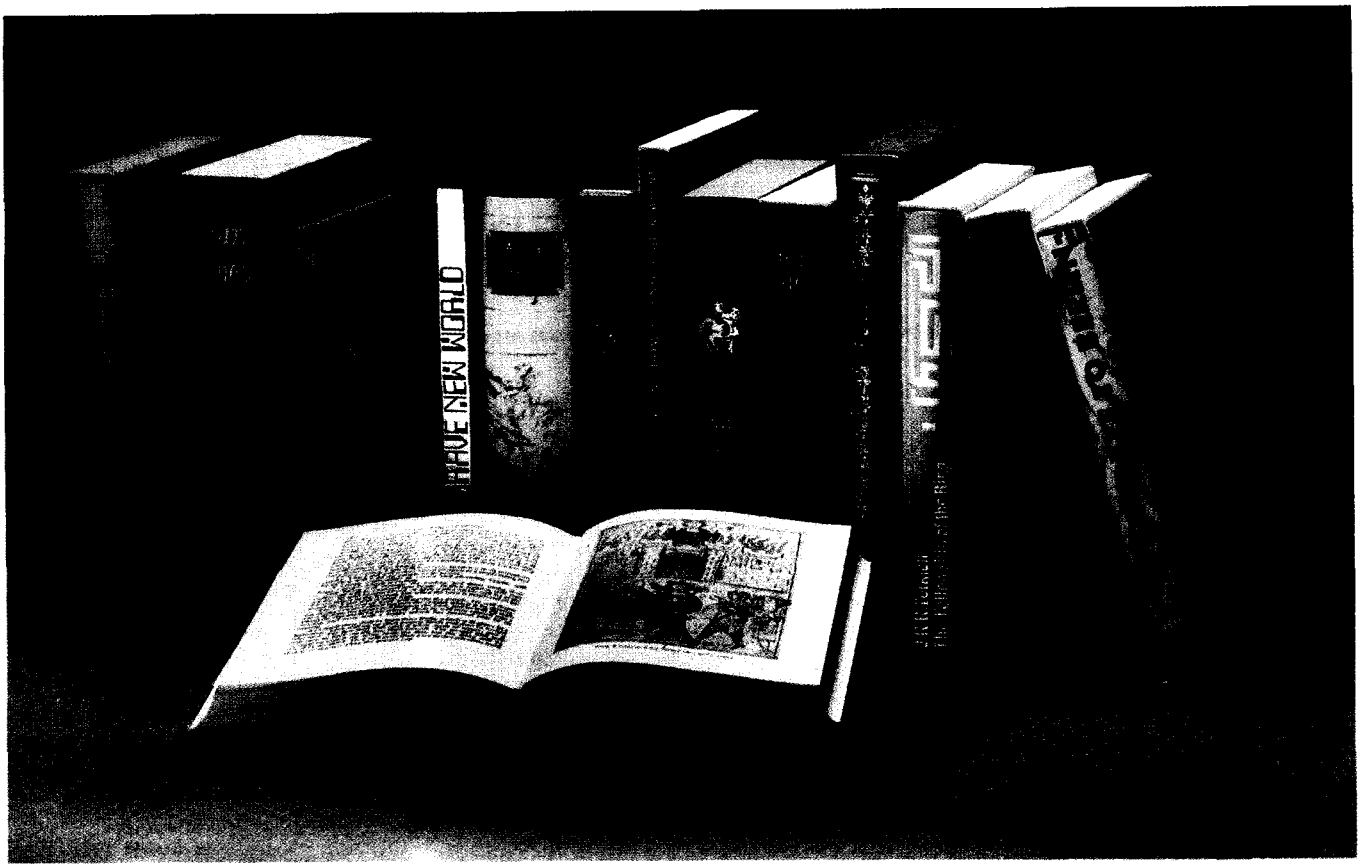

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Vindication of Strauss

On The Right

New York, Jan. 24—Not many Americans are aware that at about the time we are electing a new President, the Germans will be electing a new chancellor. Nor aware that the contest in Germany is, in European terms, as important as our own. Not because the incumbent, Helmut Schmidt, is a quisling, but because his party is dangerously divided, the leftwardmost wing of it determined to come to terms with Russia, which inevitably means coming to terms on Russian terms.

The leading opponent of Helmut Schmidt—Franz Josef Strauss, the head of the Christian Democratic Union—is a big man, in the tradition of Adenauer, de Gasperi, and Spaak. [See also "The Protracted Conflict."] He is as adamantly anti-Communist as one would expect of a German who has seen thirty years of misery imposed on one-half of his country. He is a resolute supporter of the free-market sector in the tradition of Adenauer and Ludwig Erhard. He is a loyal Atlanticist, who believes the ties to the United States, and joint action with the United States, are indispensable to the security of Europe. Under the circumstances, it obviously follows that he is the principal target of Soviet derogation in Europe.

And this has gone on for many years, because for a period in the early Sixties it looked as if Strauss, then serving as Defense Minister for Adenauer, might be tapped to succeed the old man. This the Soviet Union could not countenance, and, accordingly, the boys hatched a plot. It turned out to be successful beyond their dreams. Within a matter of months, Strauss had quit office in disgrace. And now a Czechoslovak defector, General Jan Senja, has given the details of how the KGB manipulated the future of Europe. It is as if we were to discover suddenly that a Soviet automatic-drive mechanism had taken hold of Teddy's car that night and brought off the whole tragedy. The *Spiegel* Affair has been Strauss's Chappaquiddick.

The Soviet plan, executed through Czech and German Communist agents, was to discredit Strauss. Accordingly, a mole in the Defense Department headed by Strauss leaked to the magazine *Der Spiegel* highly secret and tendentious details of unsuccessful maneuvers by the fledgling German army. The publication of the report proved a sensation, both in tending to discredit the work of Strauss professionally, and in suggesting that he could not even maintain the security of his own office.

By today's post-Ellsberg standards, though not necessarily by the standards of 1962, Strauss overreacted. (I pause to note that General Senja informs us that huge attention is paid by the KGB to the personalities of Western leaders, the better to cling to their weaknesses. Senja was present when Khrushchev in Vienna explained to his entourage that he needed to "stroke de Gaulle's nationalism like a violin.") Strauss raided the offices of *Der Spiegel* and issued a warrant for the arrest of its editor. This was denounced as high-handed by some Germans, many of whom were egged on by the echo chambers of the Communist apparatus in Europe; and the FDP, a small party in coalition with Adenauer's, demanded—and achieved—Strauss's resignation. Since that time, enemies of Strauss have returned and returned to the theme: that he was autocratic, insensitive to human rights and liberty of the press.

With the revelations of General Senja, one wonders whether the critics of Strauss will feel abashed by the dismaying ease with which they were manipulated. The penetration of Communist agents into the German government goes beyond anything James Bond or Graham Greene would dare to suggest. Willy Brandt had to resign because his closest advisor proved to be a Communist. There have been scandals in most governments of Europe in the past few years, most recently in Great Britain. It is extraordinary how the stubborn innocence of the United States prevents us from supposing that we too are targets for Soviet penetration in high circles. The dogma in America is: because Joe McCarthy exaggerated, it follows that there is no Soviet penetration. Those interested in pursuing intelligent thought on the matter should read *The Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald* by Edward Jay Epstein. Meanwhile, the vindication of Franz Josef Strauss should be celebrated by all who resent injustice. □

WHAT NOW? *Grenada*, Dec. 28—At the little island of Grenada, the last of the Lesser Antilles, which form a lazy crescent stretching from Puerto Rico to Venezuela, the cruising ground on the south shore has been popular for years; but now, after you reach Hog Island—you are stopped. The territory to the east is closed to boating. Why? Because it is reserved for young soldiers receiving firing drills with guns and other weapons. Training from whom? Cubans. Training for what? I mean, what does a one-hundred-square-mile tropical island with 100,000 inhabitants and a lot of bananas need with weapons, beyond those necessary for the local constabulary? In fact, what is going on in Grenada, under the auspices of Brother Bishop, as the new head of the country calls himself, is a Soviet operation.

We read that in Afghanistan many of the military trucks used so effectively during the Soviet invasion were made at the Kama River plant, five hundred miles east of Moscow. That plant is the fruit of American technology and American credit—$400 million worth of credit at less than one-half the interest rate Americans need to pay if they want credit to buy trucks to transport food, not soldiers. The Foreign Minister of Iran, who deals with the Secretary General of the United Nations as one might with an importunate mother-in-law, is reliably believed to be a man of Moscow.

Over in Asia, the Soviet Union, which effectively controls the foreign policy of North Vietnam, conspires to continue its genocidal policies against Cambodians, and we read of truckloads of grain stuck at depots here and there, inaccessible to men, women, and children who are starving. The Kremlin, meanwhile, has branded President Carter as "wicked," and called him a liar for referring to the Afghanistan invasion as an invasion. All good Communists

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know it was nothing of the sort—it was a rescue mission, invited by the president of Afghanistan, for the purpose of repressing a rebellion financed by the CIA. To be sure, the president who allegedly issued that invitation is not available to speak to Barbara Walters to confirm or deny this allegation, because a few minutes after the Russians arrived to protect him, they executed him.

When you think of corn, what do you think of next? Exactly: Iowa. A mayor of a small Iowa town entered the anthology of pith when, escorting the late Queen Wilhelmina about the countryside, he replied to her statement that this surely was the tallest corn in the world: "You said a mouthful, Queen." President Carter struggles to devise means of containing the mad machine in the East whose revolutionary momentum reaches into the little bays east of Hog Island in Grenada, over to Phnom Penh, and over to Afghanistan, which is to Iran and Pakistan what Laos is to Cambodia and Vietnam.

What would stop this madness?

The American people are prepared for mobilization. We should begin with Carter's asking Congress for authority to embargo the export of any grain to the Soviet Union. This is concededly difficult to do when everyone is looking at Iowa with a view to his political future. But who ever said mobilizations were comfortable? Equitable arrangements should be made to protect the American farmer. We should follow this up by a total embargo on the shipment of any goods at all to the Soviet Union, yes, including Pepsi-Cola.

WE SHOULD then assign ourselves two strategic tasks. The first is to put an end to Cuban imperialism. If the Pentagon can't, in 24 hours, come up with a plan which in the course of, say, one year would accomplish this, then I would be in favor of unconditional surrender: invite Brezhnev over to the White House, and let him stage a coup d'état. The second objective is to get the Communists out of South Yemen. Give the job to the CIA, and back them up, and tell Frank Church if he doesn't like it, he can complain next November to the folks back in Idaho. Begin instantly a massive military installation in Oman—and tell the Saudis we're going to send them the bill.

The embargo, by the way, would include the Olympic Games in Moscow. We'll stage a Free World Olympics, clock the times, and match them up against the athletic achievements of the Strasbourg-stuffed Communist athletes.

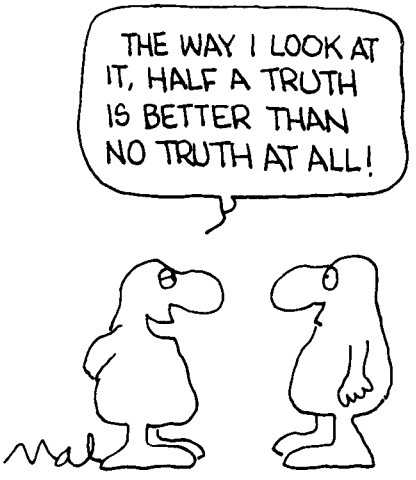
We are off to a fine start. □

LEO CHERNE ON WHAT'S AHEAD

New York, Jan. 18—How would you like it if once a year a heavy concentration of the mightiest in town gathered for the purpose of hearing you predict what would happen in the course of the year? An interesting experience: once. But last week the same man who initiated the idea did it again—for the fortieth consecutive time. He is Leo Cherne, the sponsors were the Sales Executive Club of New York, the introductions were by Henry Kissinger and Mrs. Cherne, the crowd was SRO, and there were light moments during the speech, and grave moments. Leo Cherne has an awful capacity for accuracy, which is why he has done it again and again, beginning with the January when he predicted that the United States would become involved in the world war as the result of an explosion in the Pacific. That was two years before Pearl Harbor.

Leo Cherne, as one says with a cautious eye for those who cherish their lacunae—Needs No Introduction. He is the president of the Research Institute of America, so what else is new. But: he is also a songwriter, a master sculptor, an economics and intelligence analyst whose help has been solicited by seven Presidents of the United States. His primary distinction is surely his work as head of the International Rescue Committee. He is to refugees what Herbert Hoover was to the starving. When he is late for dinner, his wife pointed out, it is because he is on his way to Budapest, or Prague, or Phnom Penh: or Kabul? Although in his case necessarily the word is used as metaphor, he is the true Christian.

Enough of that. Mrs. Cherne, who was once a researcher in the Institute, did a fine job of deflation by reminding the packed house of business executives that one year earlier her husband had predicted for 1979 an inflation of 8.5 per cent. "What's more, I set the household budget to that figure." The affair had otherwise got off to a soaring start when Henry Kissinger announced that in casting about for someone to introduce Cherne on this extraordinary anniversary the committee had floundered for a while: "But I know you follow the motto: 'Why not the best?' "



What did the prophet say?

He knew he could not avoid a prediction on the American Presidency, so therefore he dealt with it—quickly. In 1980, he said, the Democrats will nominate someone who is perceived as a man who is moderate and patient. Probably Carter. The Republicans, he said, will move in the same direction. He predicted: "Bush or Ford." But added: "Reagan is increasingly viewed as a temperate man." Put it this way: on the 41st Cherne Prediction Lunch, he'll be in trouble only if Teddy or Jerry (Brown) is on his way to the White House.

WHAT ABOUT inflation? That he was off by five points last year embarrasses a professional economist, who is consoled only by the absence of professional economists who were much closer in their predictions. We are, said economist Cherne, in a recession right now, it is likely to extend into the third quarter of next year, and by the fourth quarter we should be creeping out of it. Consumer inflation can be expected to run at 10 to 11 points: and those who are optimistic about the future reduction of inflation would do well to settle for 7 per cent as a reasonable short-term goal. Seven per cent inflation in the future is very different from the zero per cent inflation in 1980 that Jimmy Carter ran for President on.

The energy crisis can't begin to be solved, said the prophet, for five years, and a "solution" will never again mean cheap energy. Gas will cost $1.50 by the end of next year, $2 in 1981; $4 in five years.

This is going to change the American way of life, keeping more people (huddled?) at home, giving great impetus to home entertainment, and to the flowering of knowledge. But the decade will be the most treacherous since that of the Forties, said the prophet, and American resolve will, or will not, bring us through. It is America's way to come to crises with great casualness: but always in the past we have found the spirit. One listener found the speaker a little indistinct in prophesying whether, this time around, the American spirit would rally—in time. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Deeply distrustful — 8 113 124 42 21 149 25

B. Polish-American pianist (1876-1957) — 32 179 203 144 116 15 50

C. An elevation in Southwestern Oreg. — 51 55 87 135 165 170 118 128 177 184 / 38

D. Farmers like to see millions of these after a dry spell — 85 27 63 156 53 150 194 181 11

E. A political group that produced Communism and National Socialism — 117 62 77 111 160 12 147 70

F. The disappearance of water or milk — 143 175 92 84 171 209 6 72 81 155 / 102

G. Certain men who followed the horses in the good old days — 153 1 4 18 26 59 159 238 161 169 / 180 208 9 43

H. Reappraises — 183 89 65 131 204 45 145 191 100 195

I. One of the last words uttered by Jesus Christ on the cross — 3 7 36 33

J. What Solinus was duke of — 205 34 35 174 46 109 67

K. Elaborate dances — 39 137 69 164 28 119 157 47

L. Apt to make mistakes that the boss won't take lying down — 57 19 30 76 99 213 112 163 186 66

M. Shy — 68 48 17 123 133

N. What a man, a snake, and a goose can do — 104 146 31 78

O. A culture's fundamental character or spirit — 5 40 211 49 24

P. Buddhists living in Laos and northeastern Thailand — 140 95 79 103 20 206 64 13

Q. Inhabitants of a Baltic nation — 151 96 136 182 167 73 82 200 130

R. Where Napoleon Bonaparte was born — 158 56 152 44 80 23 86 107 121 129 / 188 196 162 114

S. An entertainer, born in Mexico in 1908 — 41 54 83 108 142 172 190 207 29 88 / 93 101 125

T. Appraisals — 94 61 71 141 168 176 189 198 202 110 / 126

U. A geometrical plural — 97 22 122 10 212

V. The brightest star in the heavens — 115 14 148 105 185 201

W. Great slaughters; sounds like burial places of male felines — 2 178 58 98 197 192 90 134 106

X One of these United States — 166 154 173 187 75 199 60 91

Y. Inhabitants of a Roman province now mostly in Hungary and Yugoslavia — 193 16 37 52 74 120 139 127 132 210

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 172 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 G	2 W	3 I		4 G	5 O	6 F	7 I		8 A	9 G	10 U	11 D	12 E	13 P		14 V
15 B		16 Y	17 M	18 G	19 L	20 P	21 A	22 U		23 R	24 O		25 A	26 G	27 D	28 K	29 S	30 L	31 N
32 B	33 I	34 J		35 J	36 I	37 Y	38 C	39 K	40 O		41 S	42 A	43 G	44 R	45 H	46 J	47 K	48 M	49 O
50 B		51 C	52 Y	53 D		54 S	55 C	56 R	57 L	58 W	59 G	60 X	61 T	62 E		63 D	64 P	65 H	66 L
67 J	68 M	69 K	70 E	71 T	72 F	73 Q	74 Y	75 X		76 L	77 E		78 N	79 P	80 R	81 F	82 Q	83 S	
84 F	85 D	86 R	87 C	88 S	89 H	90 W	91 X		92 F	93 S	94 T		95 P	96 Q		97 U	98 W	99 L	100H
	101S	102F		103P	104N	105V	106W		107R	108S	109J	110T	111E	112L	113A		114R	115V	
116B	117E	118C	119K	120Y	121R		122U	123M	124A	125S	126T	127Y	128C	129R	130Q		131H	132Y	133M
	134W	135C	136Q	137K		138G	139Y	140P	141T		142S	143F	144B	145H	146N	147E		148V	149A
150D	151Q		152R	153G		154X	155F	156D	157K		158R	159G		160E	161G		162R	163L	164K
165C	166X	167Q	168T	169G		170C	171F		172S	173X	174J	175F	176T	177C	178W		179B	180G	181D
182Q	183H	184C	185V	186L	187X	188R	189T	190S		191H	192W		193Y	194D	195H	196R	197W	198T	199X
200Q	201V		202T	203B		204H	205J	206P	207S	208G	209F	210Y	211O	212U	213L				

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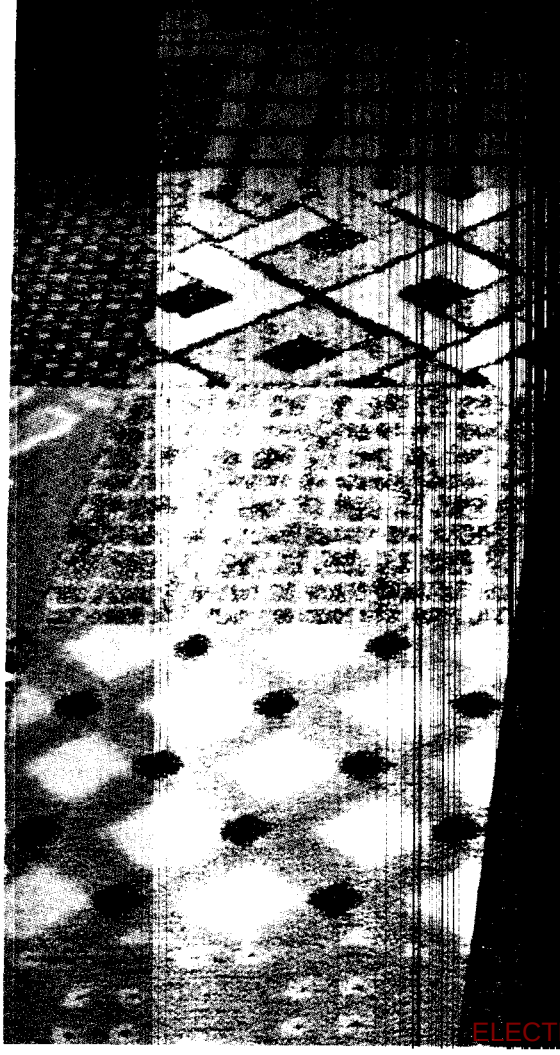

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